

48-PAGE SPECIAL!

DYNAMITE

#100

THE Shadow®

100





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colors by: **MARCO LESKO** letters by: **ROB STEEN**
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Special thanks to JERRY BIRENZ, ANTHONY TOLLIN,
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WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN?

tonight

THE
Shadow in

The **LAUGHING CORPSE**

A Mystery Tale
by FRANCESCO
FRANCAVILLA

NO! GO AWAY! NO...

PLEASE DON'T...
NOOOOOHAHA...

HAHAHAHA...
HAHAHAAAAAA



FRAN
CAVIL
AF.15

FWHA?

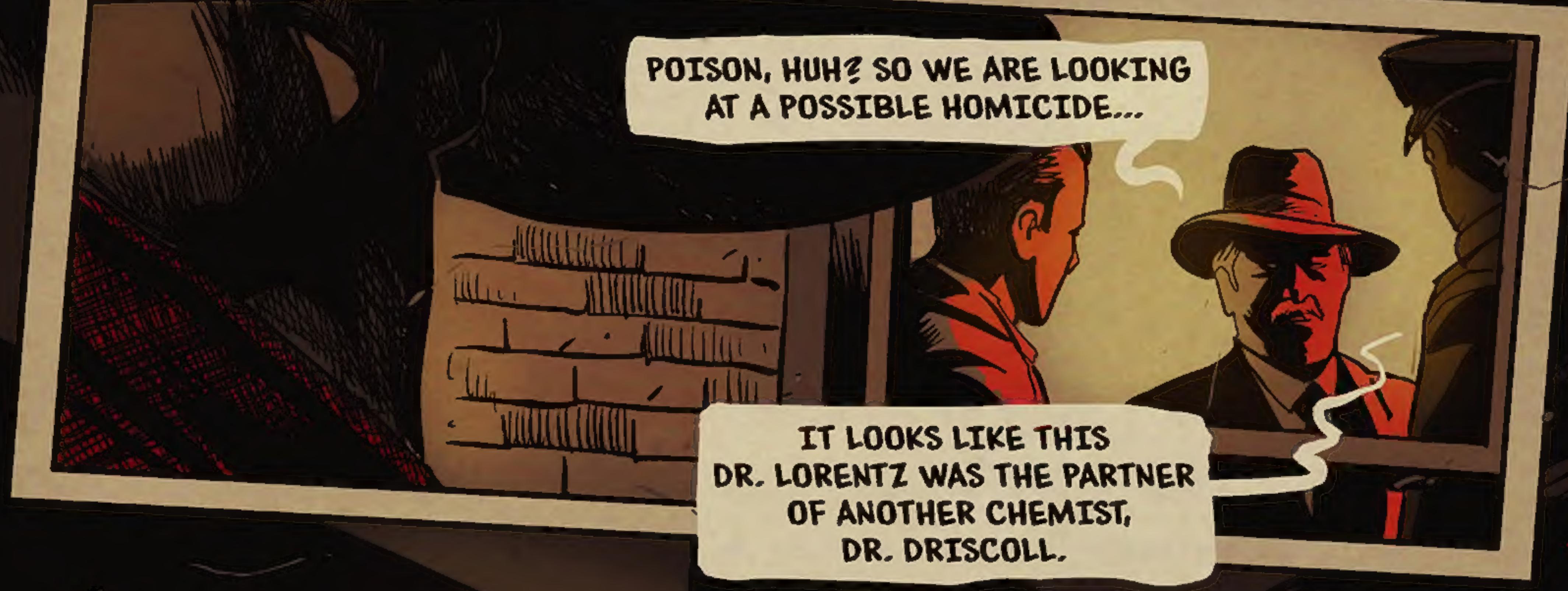
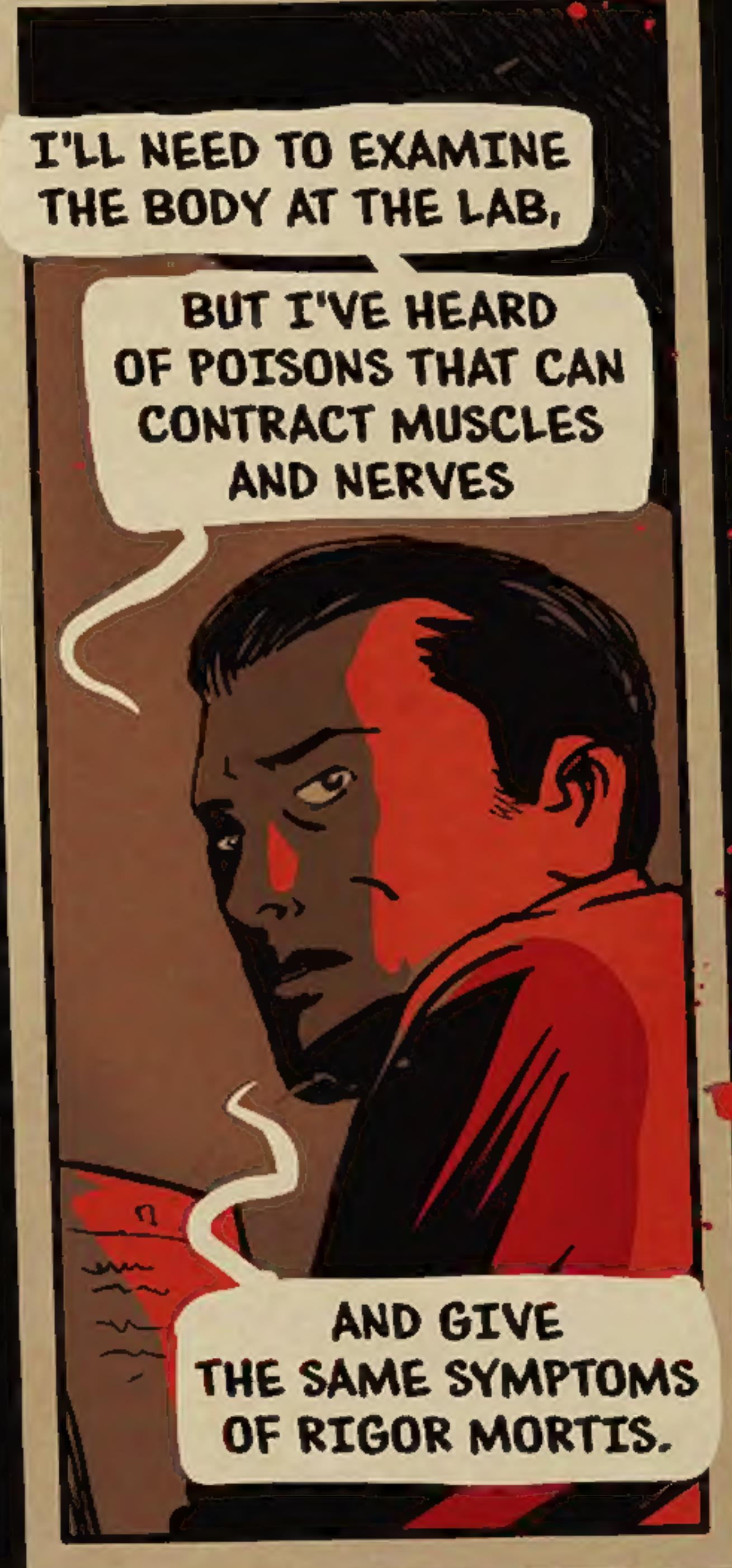


THE VICTIM IS DR. LORENTZ,
A VERY SUCCESSFUL CHEMIST WHO WAS
WELL RESPECTED IN HIS FIELD.

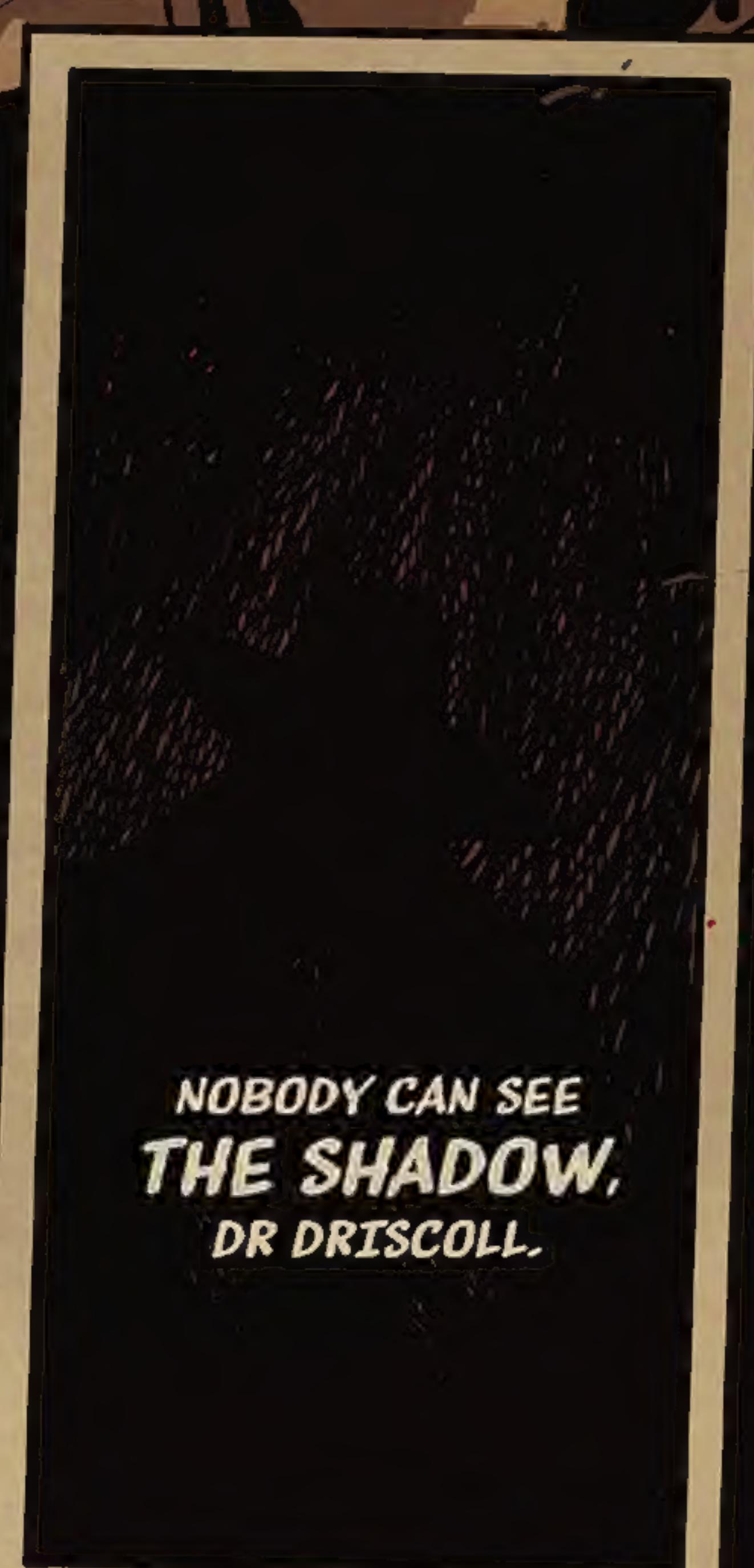
THE NEIGHBOR HEARD
SOMEONE SCREAMING AND
THEN LAUGHING LOUDLY.
WHEN HE CAME TO CHECK
ON LORENTZ...

THE DOOR WAS WIDE OPEN AND
HE FOUND THE BODY LIKE THIS.

THE MEDICAL EXAMINER SAID
THE MAN SHOWS ADVANCED RIGOR MORTIS,
AS IF HE WAS DEAD FOR AT LEAST 24 HOURS.



IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA
TO GO PAY HIM A VISIT...





I WOULDN'T TOUCH THAT BOX IF I WERE YOU, DR DRISCOLL.

F-CHICK!

IT'S JUST
A LITTLE
SCRATCH...

NOTHING....
HEHE...

NOTHING
TO WORRY...
HAHAHA

HAHAHA
HAHAHAHAHA

CRACK!

DR DRISCOLL!

HE DIED LAUGHING,
JUST LIKE LORENTZ...

ANOTHER
LAUGHING CORPSE.

You will laugh but
you will not from joy - you will
laugh and the laugh will
be the laugh of death.

TIME TO PUT A STOP
TO THIS MADNESS.



HOW THEY HID DRUGS IN MY CAR AND THEN CALLED THE POLICE TO HAVE ME ARRESTED AND GET ME OUT OF THE PICTURE.

THEY HAVE BEEN MAKING MONEY AND LIVING THE LIFE WHILE I WAS ROTTING IN JAIL.

I GOT OUT A WEEK AGO, AND I STARTED WORKING ON THIS FORMULA RIGHT AWAY. I HAD TO GET MY REVENGE ON THOSE TWO.

MY TURN FOR QUESTIONS NOW: HOW DID YOU FIND ME?

THE BOX YOU LEFT FOR DRISCOLL. IT HAD THE MARK OF THIS OLD THEATER ON IT.

A VERY STUPID MISTAKE.

I WAS SO BLINDED BY MY THIRST FOR REVENGE THAT I MADE ONE SIMPLE STUPID MISTAKE.

BUT I'M NOT GOING TO BACK TO JAIL.

FOR ONCE, I'LL BE THE ONE WHO WILL HAVE THE LAST LAUGH...

HA HA

HAH

HA HA HA HA HA

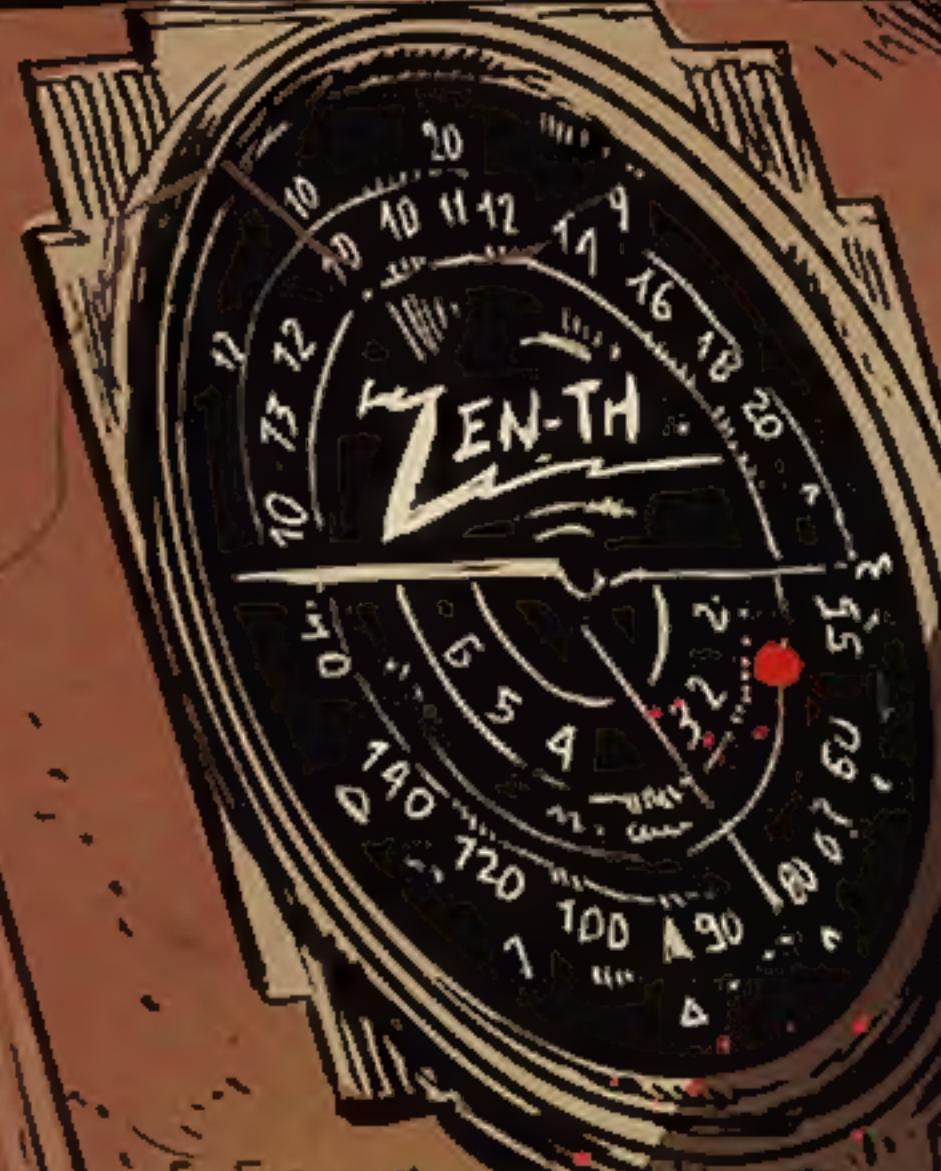
WHO KNOWS IN WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN?

THE SHADOW KNOWS!

THE END

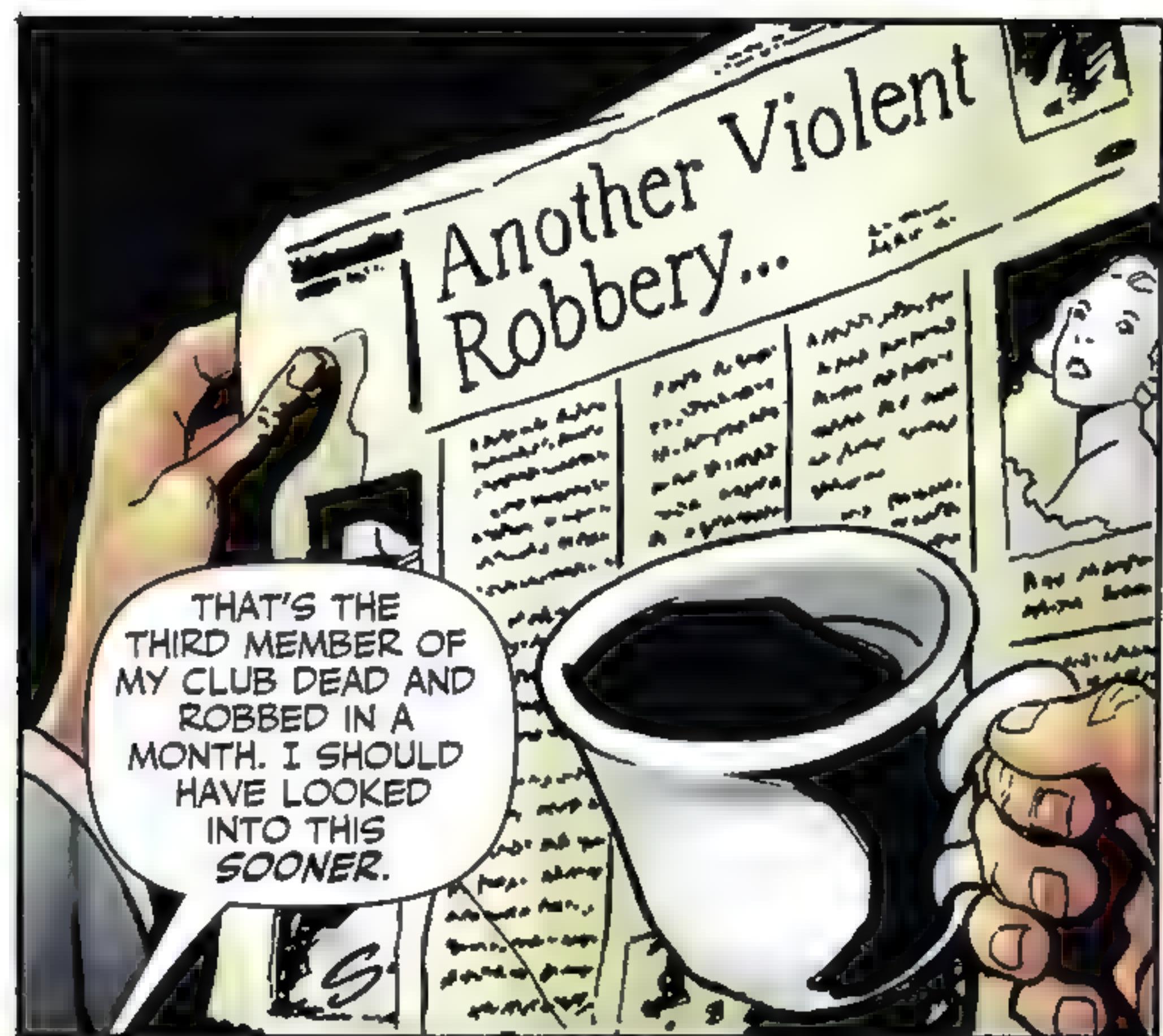


FRANCAVILIA F.15





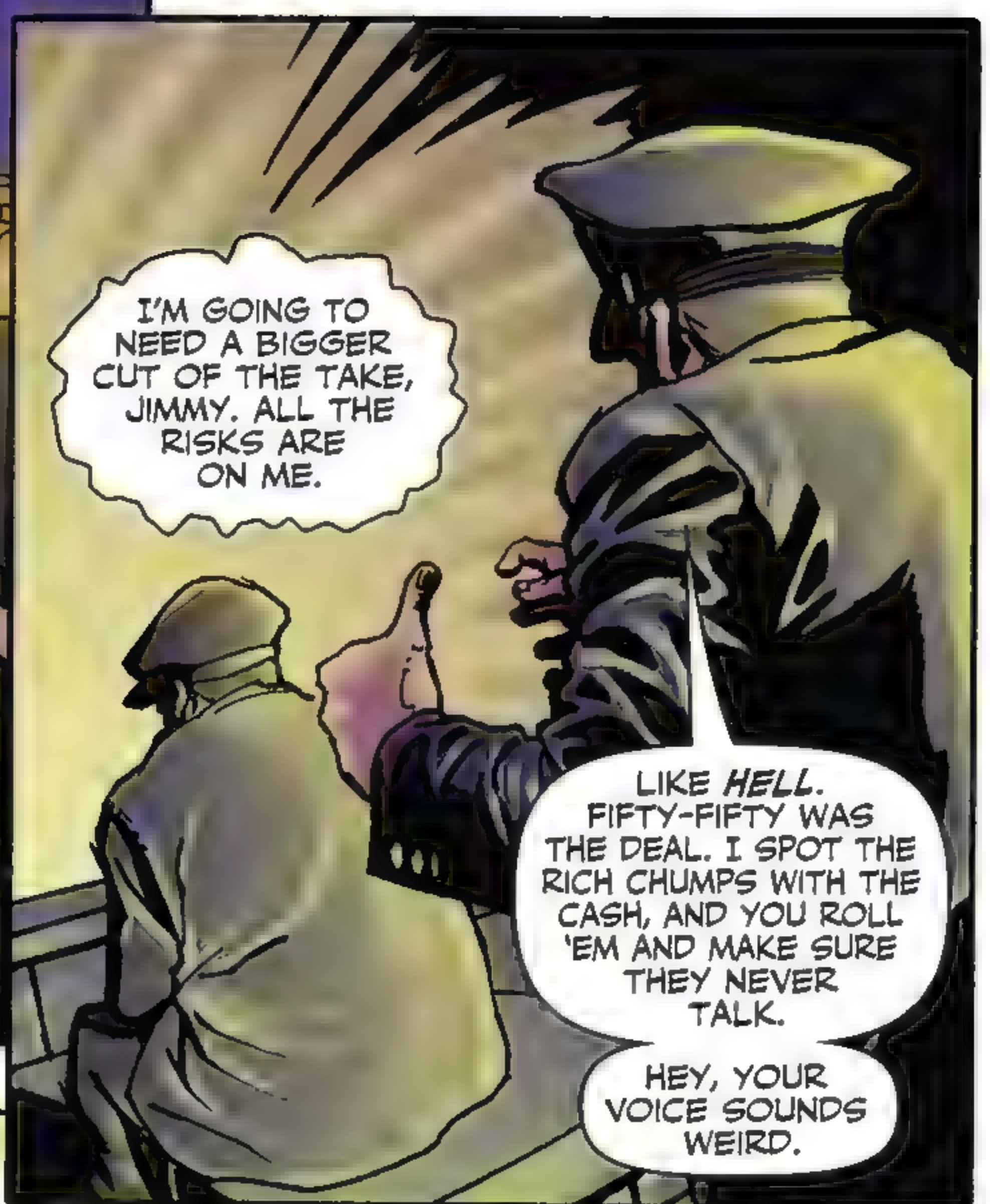














THIS IS BULL.
I WANT A
LAWYER.

YEAH YEAH.



WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER
ONE WE CAN THANK THE
SHADOW FOR.

I DON'T KNOW IF
I TRUST A GUY THAT
RUNS AROUND IN THE
DARKNESS AND HIDES
HIS FACE. DOESN'T
SEEM HONEST.



A LOT YOU KNOW, ROOKIE.
NOT ONLY DID THE SHADOW DO US
A SOLID, BUT HE EVEN ARRANGED FOR US
TO MAKE THE ARREST. LOOKS BETTER IF THE
POLICE ARE HANDLING THEIR OWN BAD APPLES.



MAYBE THE
SHADOW DOES GIVE
YOU THE CREEPS.
JUST BE
GLAD HE'S ON
OUR SIDE.

END

Script by
Howard Chaykin
Letters by
Ken Bruzenak
Colors by
Jesus Aburto

AND YOU SAY YOU FOUND IT LIKE THIS WHEN YOU ARRIVED THIS MORNING?

EXACTLY, KENT...

...SORRY, LAMONT-

--I'LL NEVER GET USED TO THAT.

NOT TO WORRY, WALTON--GO ON.

THE POLICE CALLED IT A PRANK--JUVENILE VANDALISM.

AND YOU'RE CONVINCED IT WAS THESE CRIMINALS?

QUITE RIGHT--TWO ACCOUNTANTS WORKING WITH AND FOR A DISTINCTLY CRIMINAL ELEMENT.

AND THEY'RE DEMANDING A PIECE OF THE PROFITS FROM THESE-- THESE--

THEY'RE CALLED COMIC BOOKS, LAMONT--

--AND YES, THEY WANT A BIG PIECE OF MY PROFITS.



WALTON
CARTER-TENNYSON
WAS THE BEST
COMMANDING
OFFICER I EVER HAD.

IT PAINS
ME TO SEE
HIM IN
SUCH A
STATE--

--AND
OVER
SUCH
UTTER
GARBAGE.

IT MAY
VERY
WELL BE
TRASH...

...BUT ACCORDING TO
HIS BOOKS, THERE'S
REAL MONEY
POTENTIAL HERE.



SO YOU
SAY--

--BUT THE
MATERIAL SEEMS
BARELY CAPABLE
OF ENTERTAINING
IMBECILES.

APPARENTLY
THERE ARE
QUITE A FEW
IMBECILES
OUT THERE...

...AND ALL
THOSE DIMES
ADD UP TO
QUITE A PILE
OF DOLLARS.

AND SINCE THERE'S
NO CIRCUMSTANCE
UNDER WHICH I'D
BEGRUDGE THE MAJOR
A LIVING, HONEST
OR OTHERWISE...



...IT SEEMS REASONABLE
TO STICK THIS PROMINENT
PROBOSCIS INTO HIS
BUSINESS.

IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE LOSING MONEY PRINTING CROSSWORD PUZZLE BOOKS, MAX.

BUT WE'RE NOT MAKING ANY MORE ON THAT JUNK THAN WE DID A YEAR AGO, MEL.

THIS JOKE BOOK STUFF--

--THERE'S REAL DOUGH TO BE MADE THERE BEFORE THE BOTTOM FALLS OUT OF THAT MARKET.

FACE IT, MEL--THE PUZZLE BUSINESS IS KAPUT.

WE DID GOOD--TEN YEARS, F'HEAVEN'S SAKE.

--BUT WE GOTTA FIND SOMETHIN' NEW TO RUN ON THE PRESSES.

AND YOU THINK THIS COMIC BOOK STUFF ISN'T JUST ANOTHER FLASH IN THE PAN?

I NEVER SAID IT WASN'T--

--BUT IF WE GET IN NOW, WE CAN SQUEEZE IT DRY 'TIL IT DIES, IF YOU CATCH MY DRIFT.

GOTCHA, MAX--

--'S WHY I PUT IN A CALL TO CARMINE--

"...HE'S GONNA
SEND A COUPLA
THE BOYS
OVER TO
REDECORATE
TENNYSON'S
OFFICE AGAIN."

Y'EVER READ
THIS STUFF?

WATTAYOU,
KIDDIN'?

THIS IS JUST JUNK
F'KIDS 'N RETARDS.

I DUNNO--

--I KINDA LIKE
THE ACTION-
ADVENTURE STUFF.

YOU ALSO KINDA LIKE
PLAYIN' HIDE THE HOT
DOG WITH YOUR
SISTER--

--BUT THAT
DON'T MAKE
IT RIGHT.

HEY--

--WHO TOLD
YOU ABOUT
THAT?

GIVE YA
A HINT...

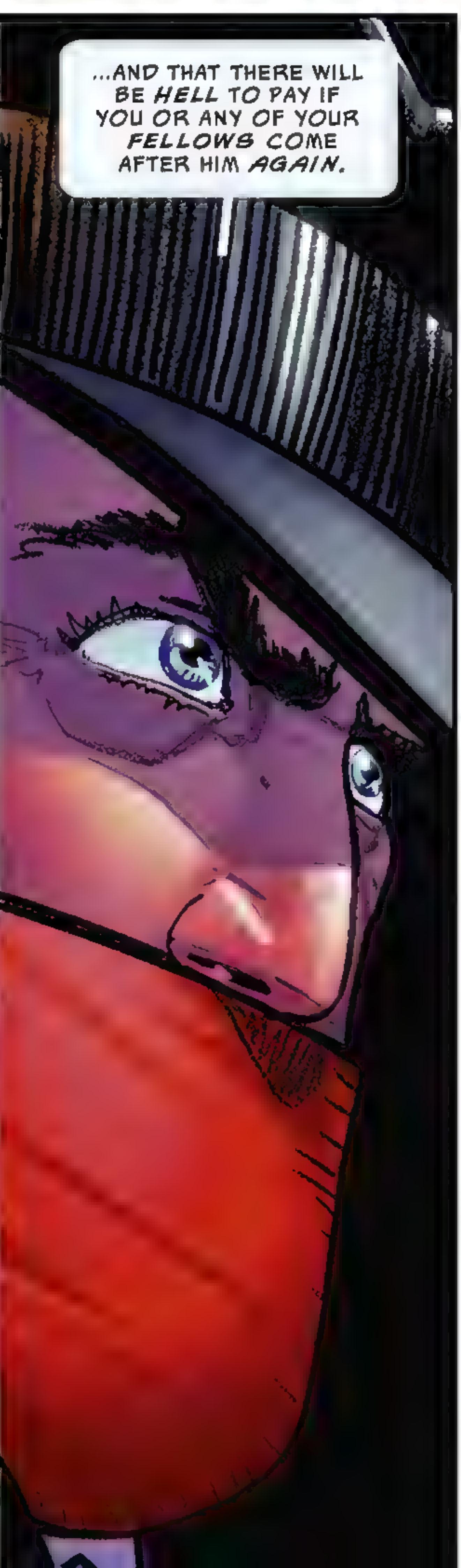
...SHE'S YOUR
MOTHER'S
DAUGHTER--

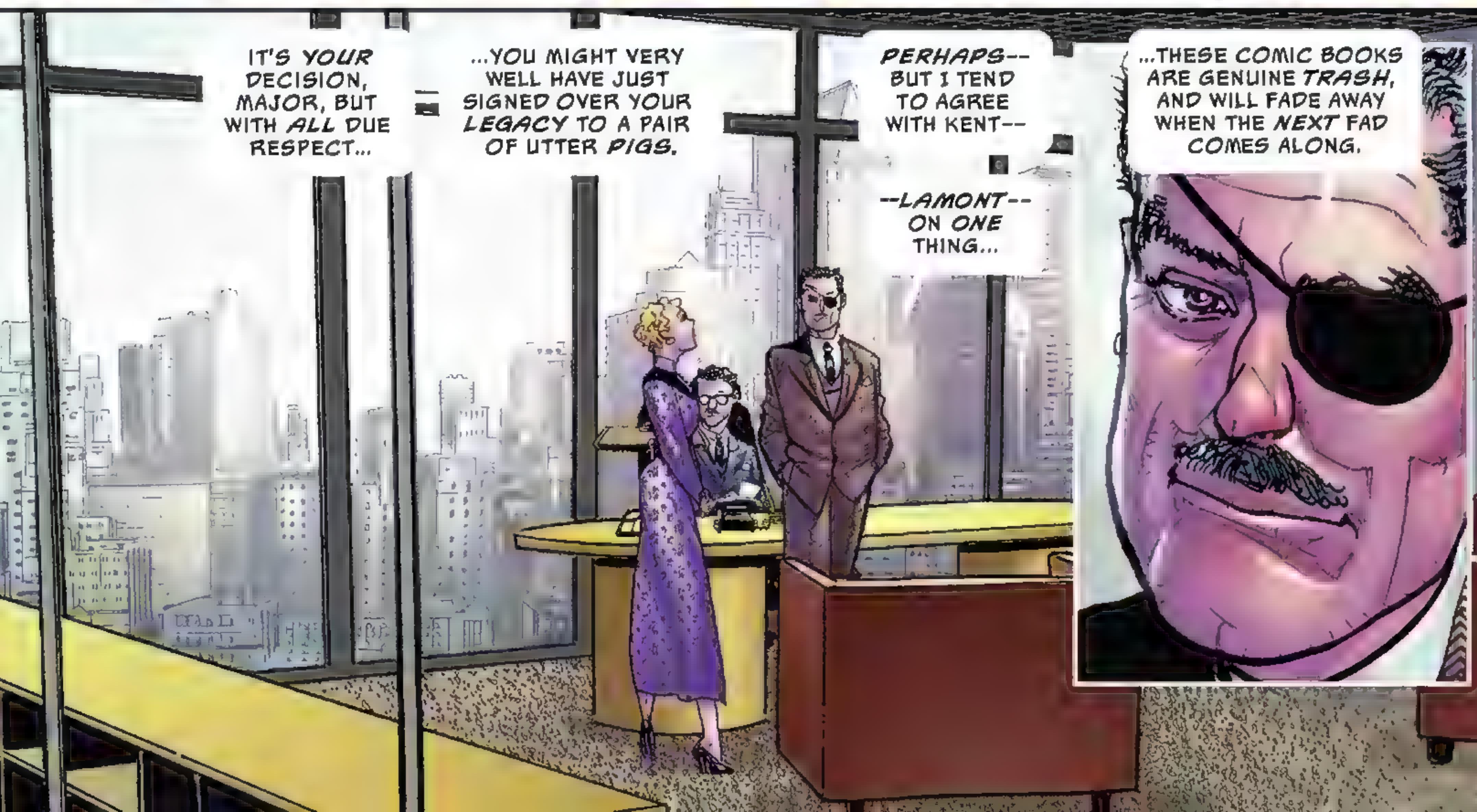
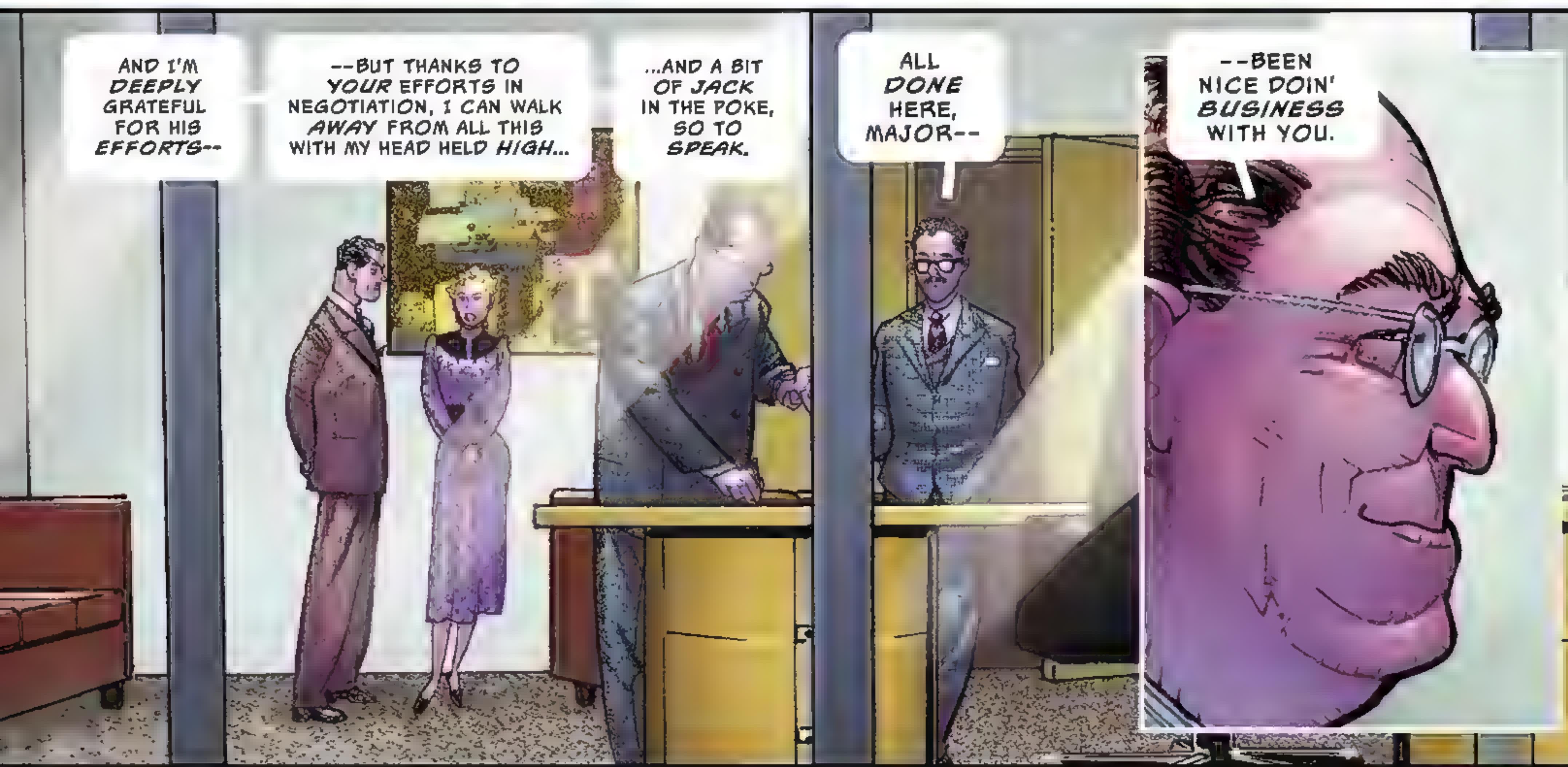
--WASN'T
THAT
FUNNY--!



THE WEED
OF CRIME
BEARS
BITTER
FRUIT...







I WAS
SORRY
THEN...

NOT TO
WORRY, MARGO,
REALLY...

...AND I'M
EVEN SORRIER
NOW.



THE WEED OF
CRIME MAY BEAR
BITTER FRUIT...

...BUT SOMETIMES
EVEN THE BITTER
FRUIT FINDS THOSE
WITH AN APPETITE
FOR SUCH THINGS.

BUT THE
NERVE OF
THOSE
PEOPLE...!

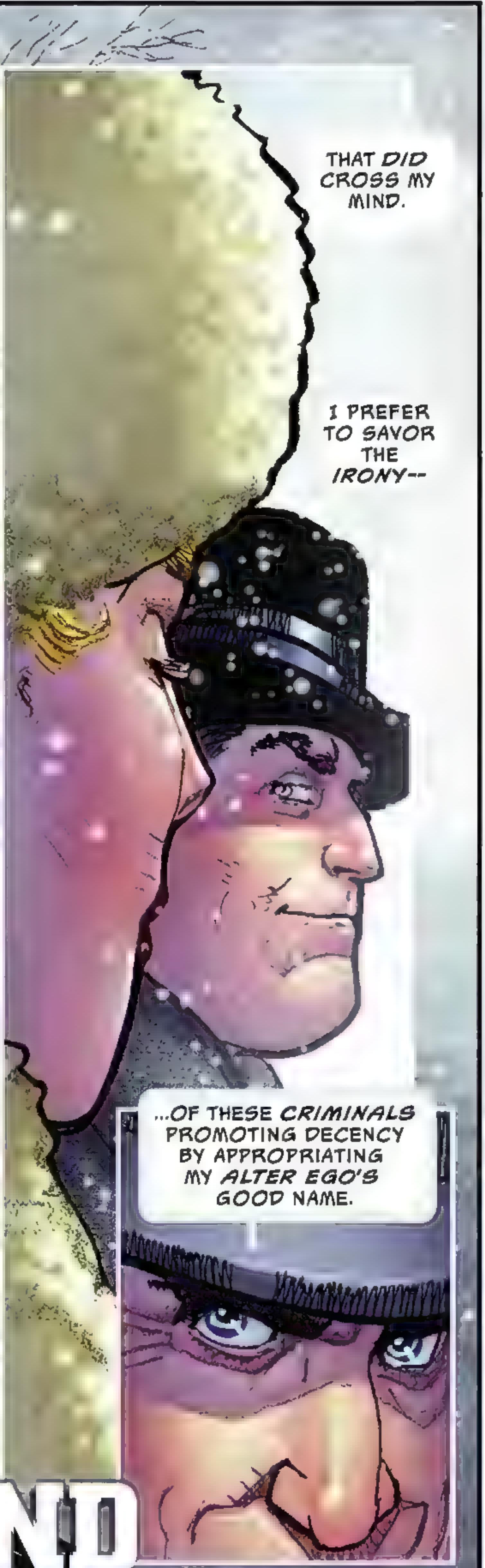
AND WHAT
WOULD YOU
SUGGEST
I DO--
--SUE?

THAT DID
CROSS MY
MIND.

I PREFER
TO SAVOR
THE
IRONY--



...OF THESE CRIMINALS
PROMOTING DECENCY
BY APPROPRIATING
MY ALTER EGO'S
GOOD NAME.



THE END

New York City, 1938...
a night for SWASHBUCKLERS...

Errol Flynn
Olivia DeHavilland

The Adventures
of Robin Hood

THAT
ERROL FLYNN IS
DASHING!

BEST I'VE
SEEN SINCE
FAIRBANKS IN
"ZORRO."

FEEL
LIKE WALKING
HOME?

AND
RATHBONE'S
DOING
"SHERLOCK
HOLMES"
NEXT!

YOU KNOW
THE CITY AT
NIGHT SOMETIMES
SCARES ME.

I'LL
PROTECT YOU,
MOMMY!

I'M ROBIN
HOOD--NOT AFRAID
OF NOTHING!

"ANYTHING,"
DEAR. YOU'RE NOT
AFRAID OF
"ANYTHING."

HANDS UP!
YOUR WALLET,
RICH BOY! AND HER
NECKLACE!

EASY, PAL.
HERE'S MY WALLET.
TAKE IT AND GO.

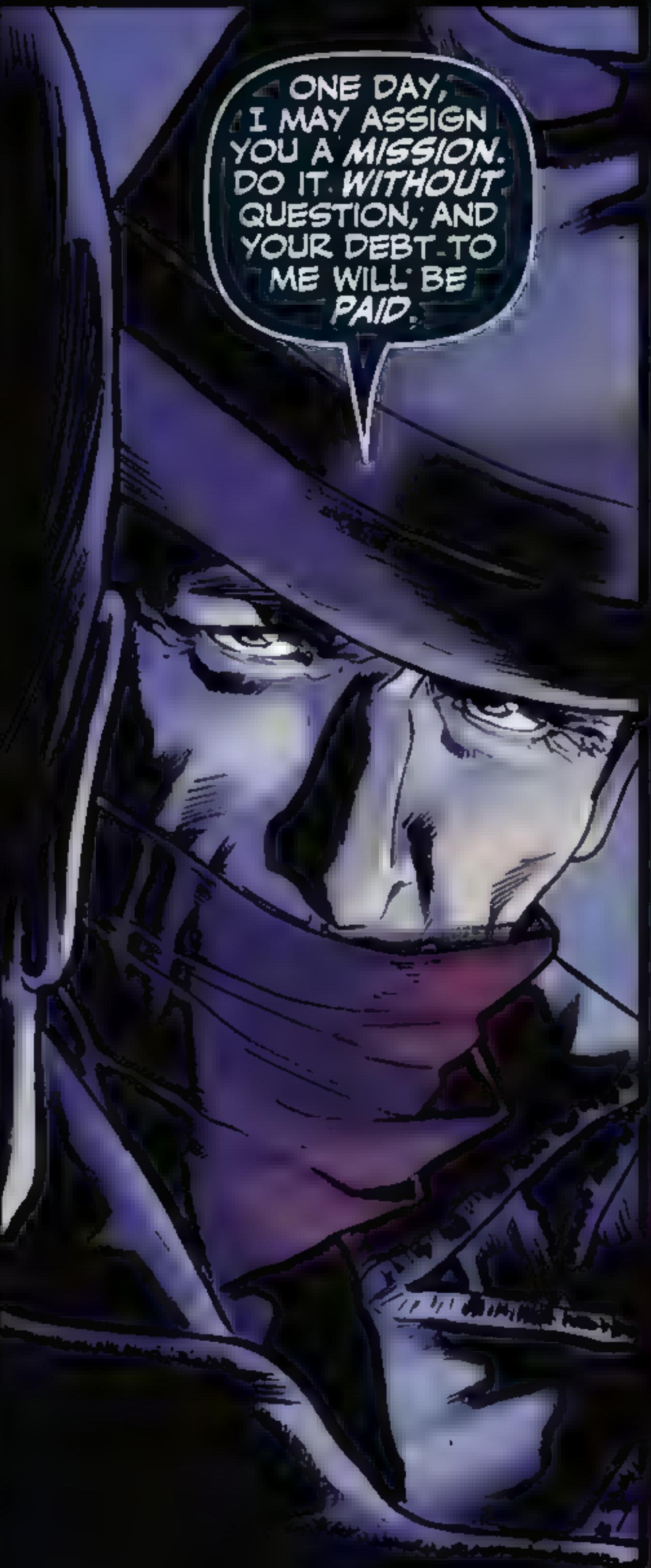
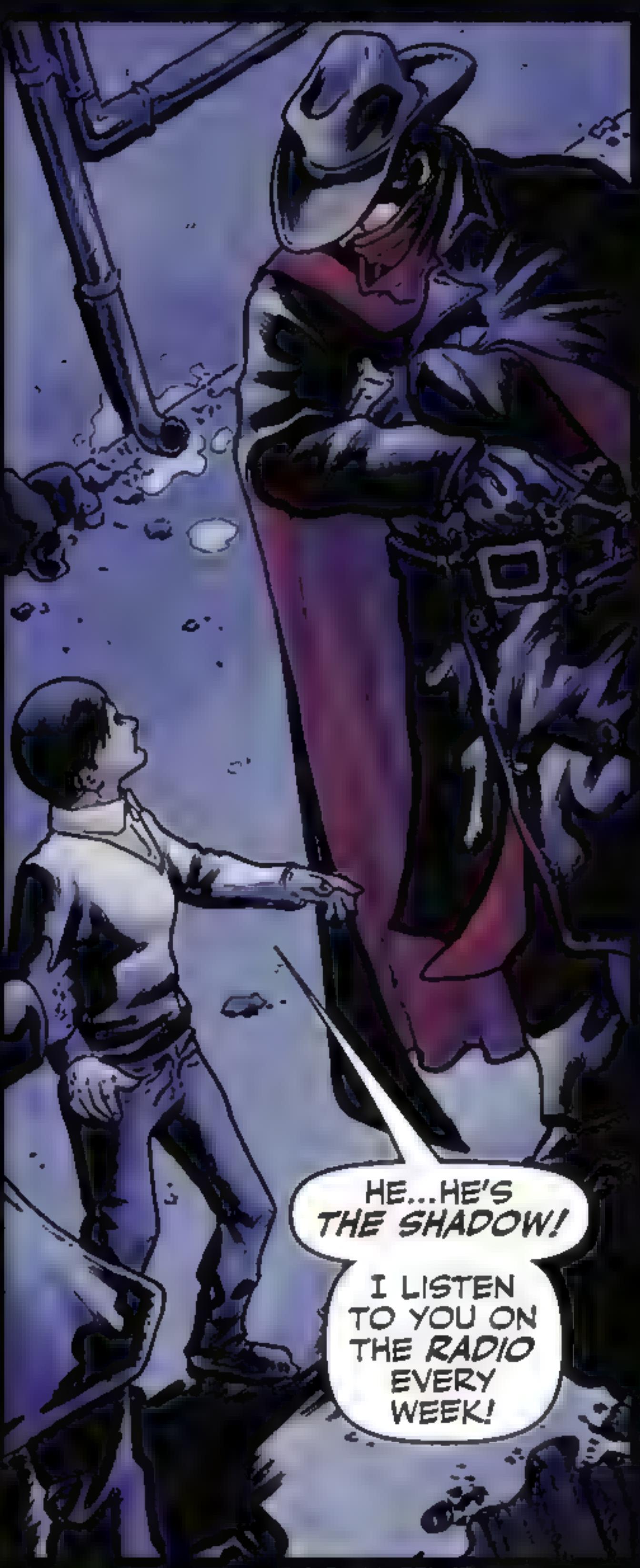
NOT
WITHOUT THEM
PEARLS!

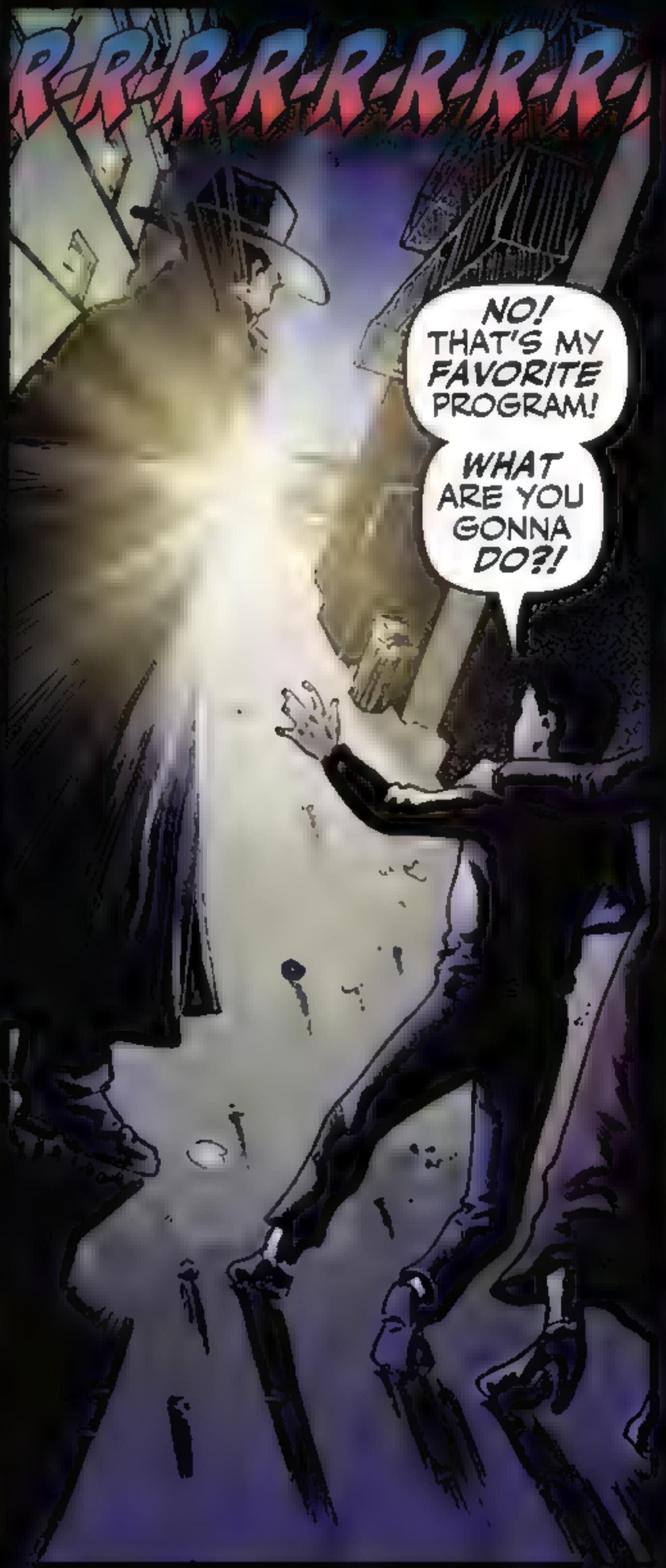
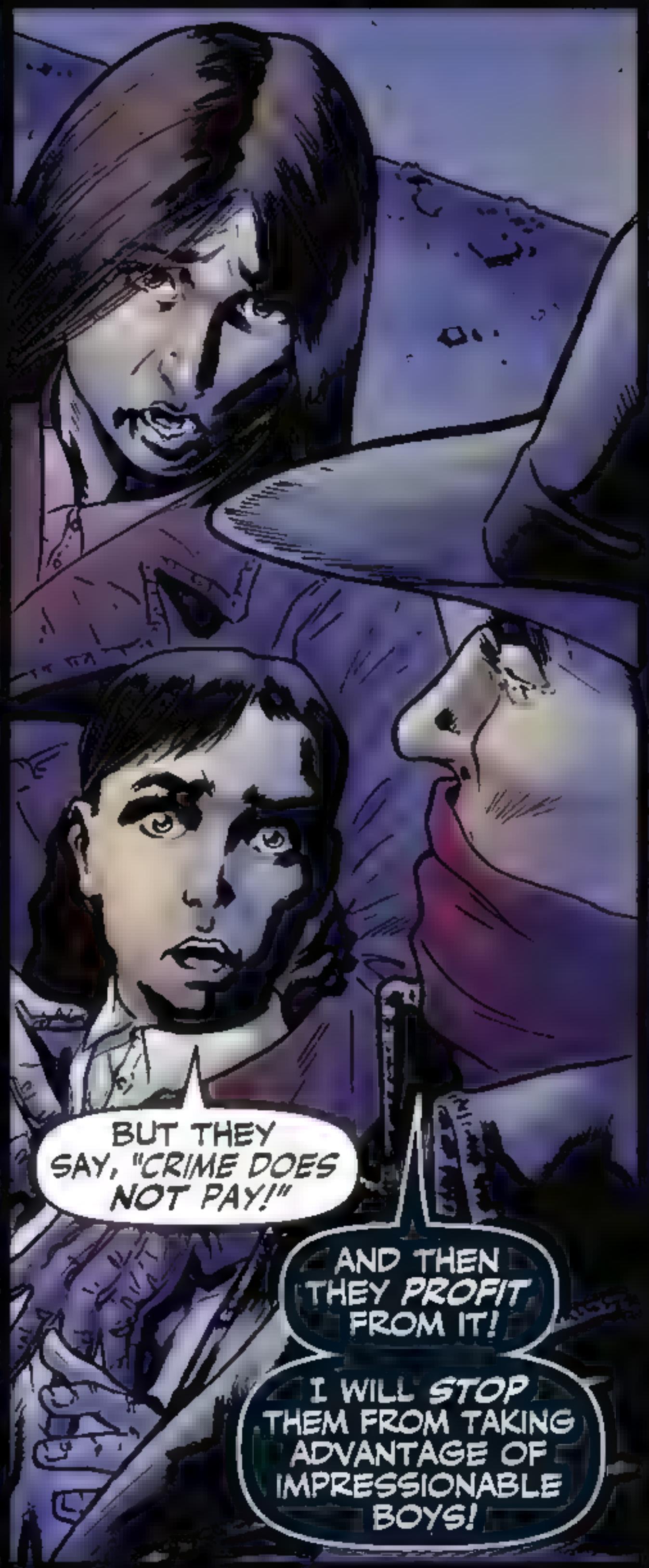
EEEEEEEEE!

SHUT
UP! SHUT UP,
DAMN IT!

LEAVE HER
ALONE!

BLAH
BLAM





Radio station WOR,
New York...

THE WEED
OF CRIME BEARS
BITTER FRUIT!
CRIME DOES
NOT PAY! THE
SHADOW
KNOWS...

HEH-
HEH-HEH-HEH-
HEH....

AND...
WE'RE OFF!
ANOTHER
GREAT SHOW!

GOT A
DATE WITH AN
INGÉNUE AT THE
ASTOR BAR!
SEE YOU
NEXT WEEK,
MAX!

TAXI!

DAMN!
I'LL NEVER GET
A HACK THIS TIME
OF NIGHT!

I'LL HAVE
YA THERE ON
THE DOUBLE,
PAL!

THANK
YOU EVER SO
MUCH, MR....
SCHREVNITZ.

HEY!
I KNOW
YOU!

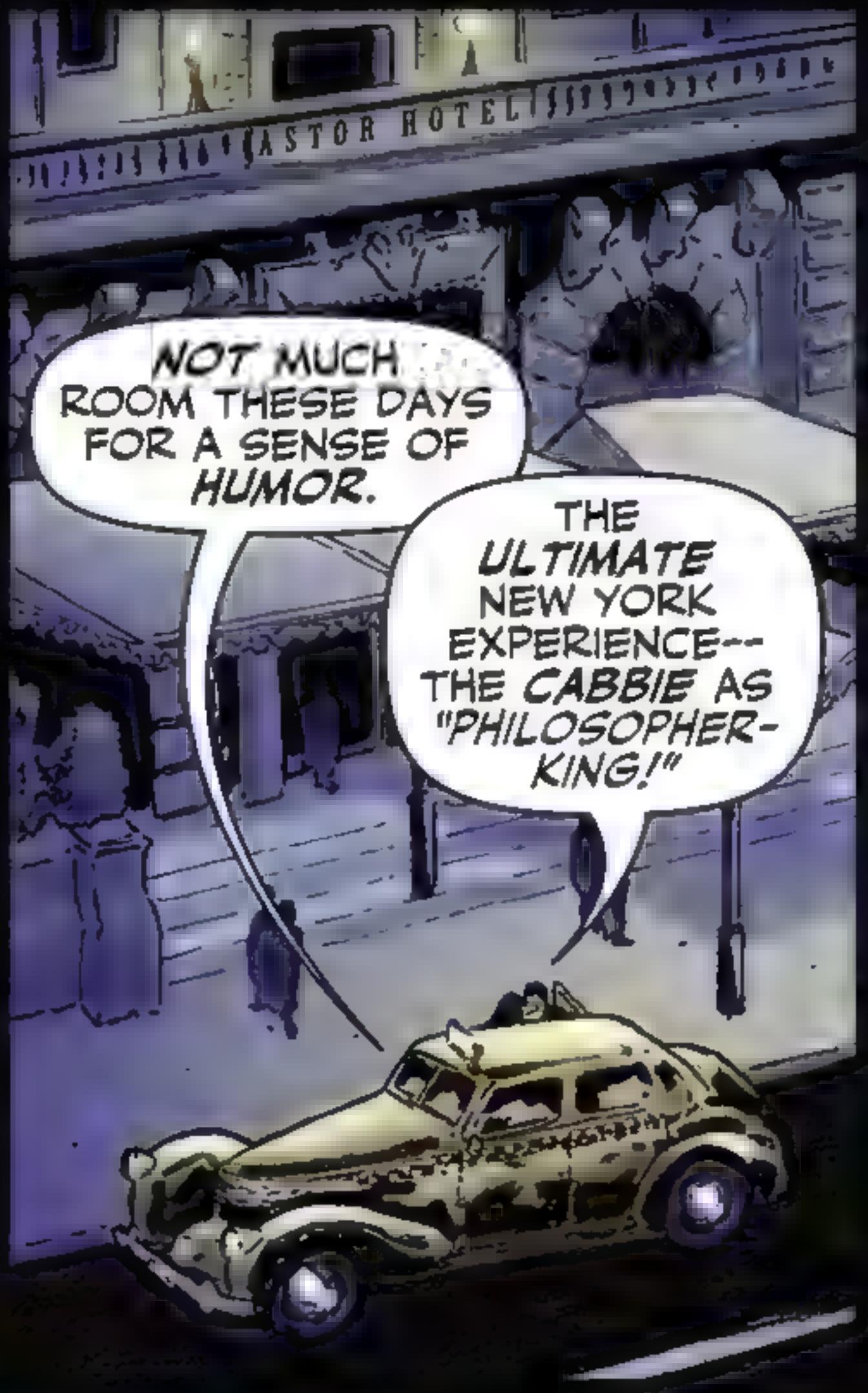
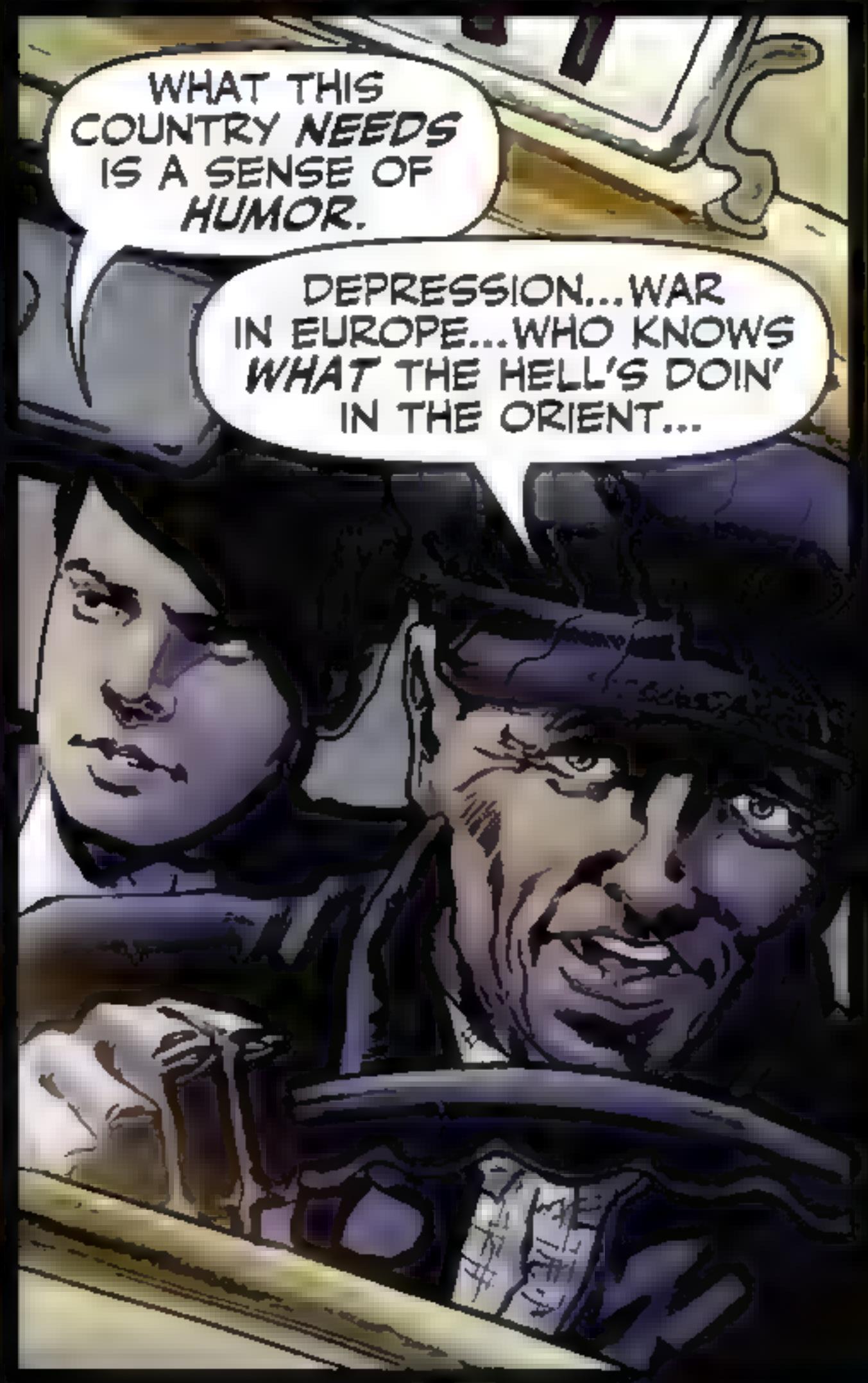
NOT
LIKELY, MY
GOOD MAN.
I'M
MERELY AN
ANONYMOUS
RADIO
THESPIAN.

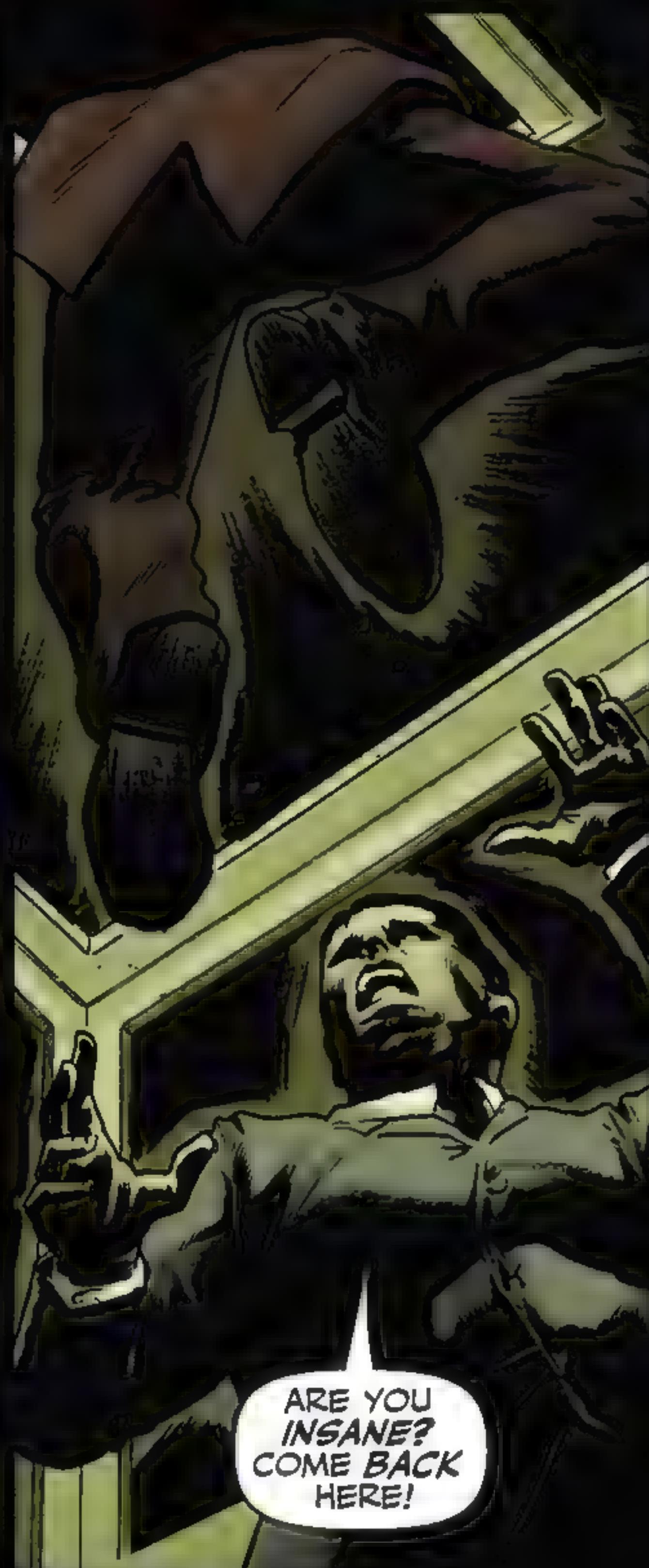
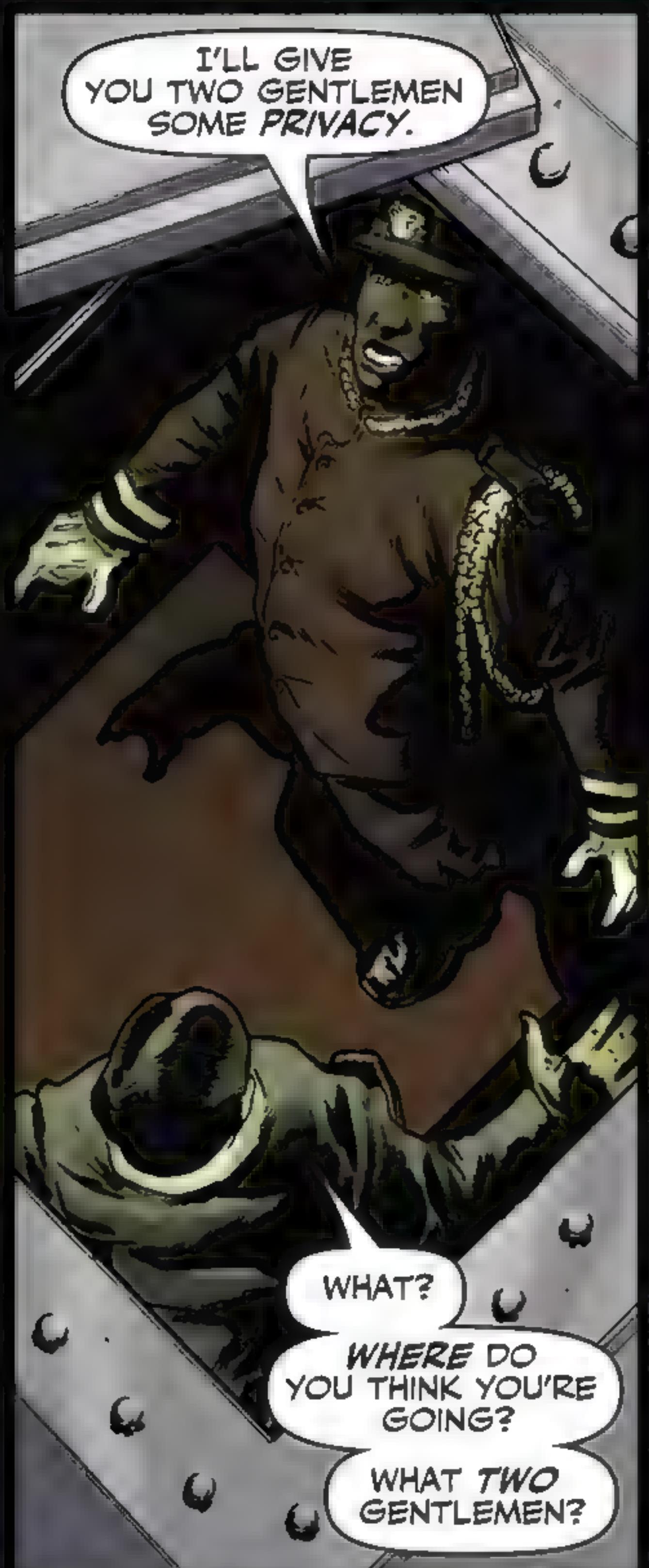
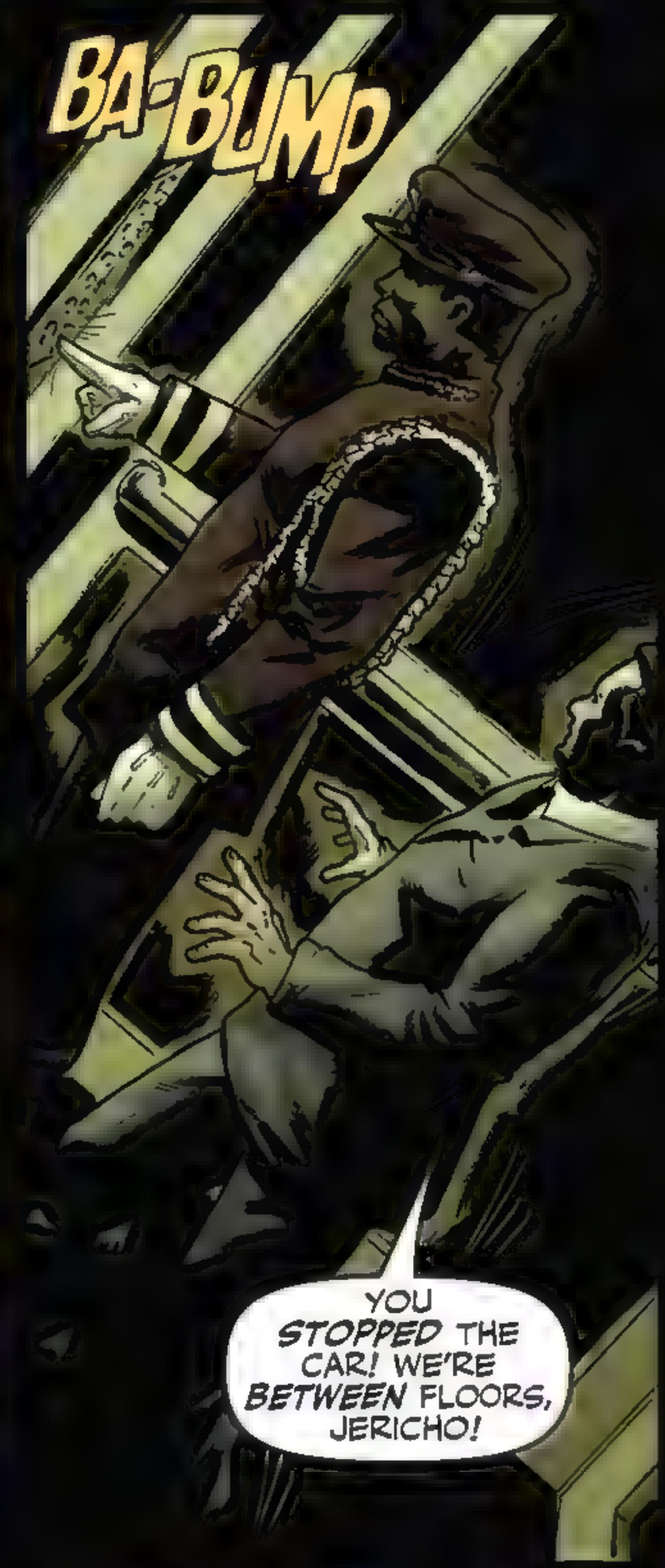
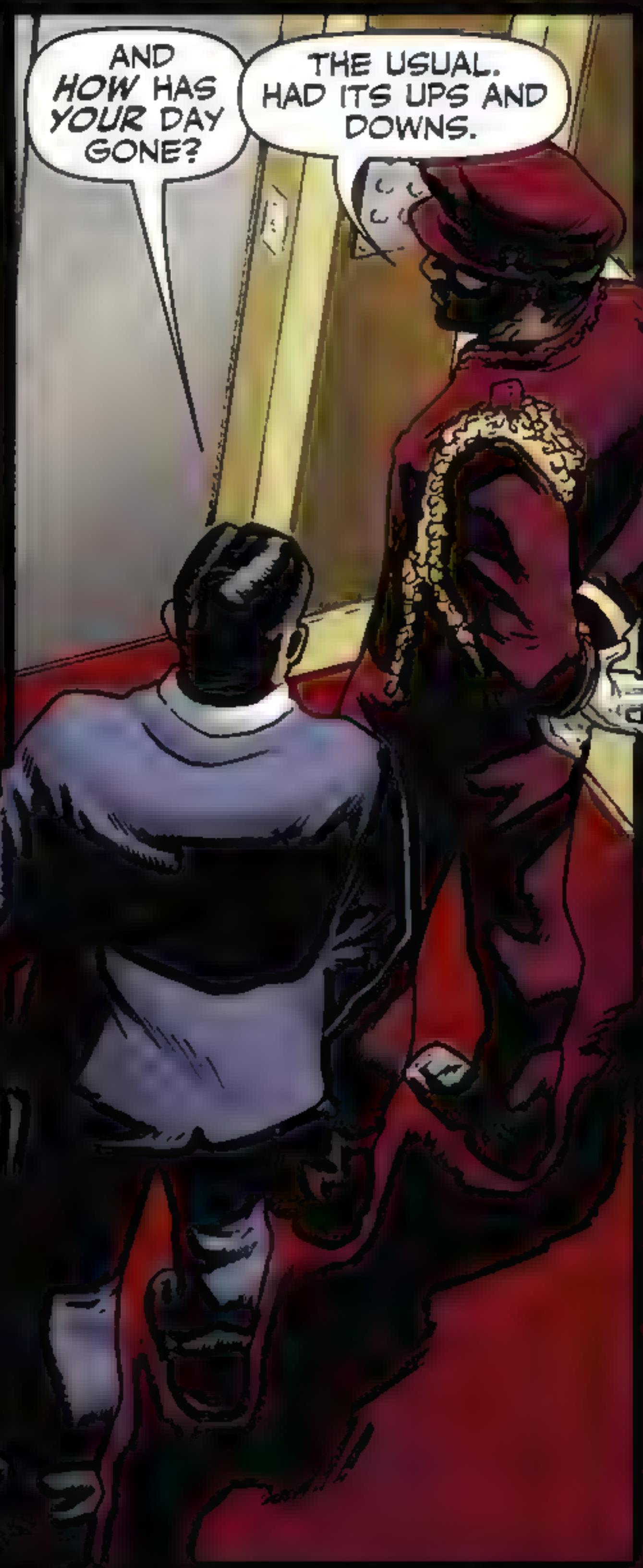
MORRIS
SCHREVNITZ

CAB, MAC?
YOU,
SIR, ARE A
GODSEND!
THE
ASTOR HOTEL...
AND STEP
ON IT!

HAD NOT SINCE
YOU SCARED THE
BEJEEBIES OUTTA HALF
THE COUNTRY!

YOUR PUSS WAS
PLASTERED ON EVERY
PAPER IN THE U.S. OF A.,
BUDDY BOY!







BUT YOU OPERATE IN
SECRET. I DO THIS AND
SOME BIG-SHOT WILL
DESTROY ME
PROFESSIONALLY...
OR KILL ME!

SOME RISKS ARE
WORTH TAKING.
IN THE
WORDS OF ROBERT
HERRICK...

YOU...
ARE...THE REAL
SHADOW!

AND YOU HAVE
GENIUS IN YOU! YOU CAN
BECOME INFLUENTIAL
IF YOU CHANNEL IT.

DO AS
I SAY.

"GATHER
YE ROSEBUDS
WHILE YE MAY!"

WHIRRRL

NOW HOW DID
MY ELEVATOR
TAKE OFF
WITHOUT
ME?

SORRY
FOR THE SCARE,
MISTER!

EXTREE!
HEARST LIES
PLUNGED U.S. INTO
FAKE WAR!

HMM...

"ROSEBUDS...?"

HEH,
HEH, HEH, HEH,
HEH...

END

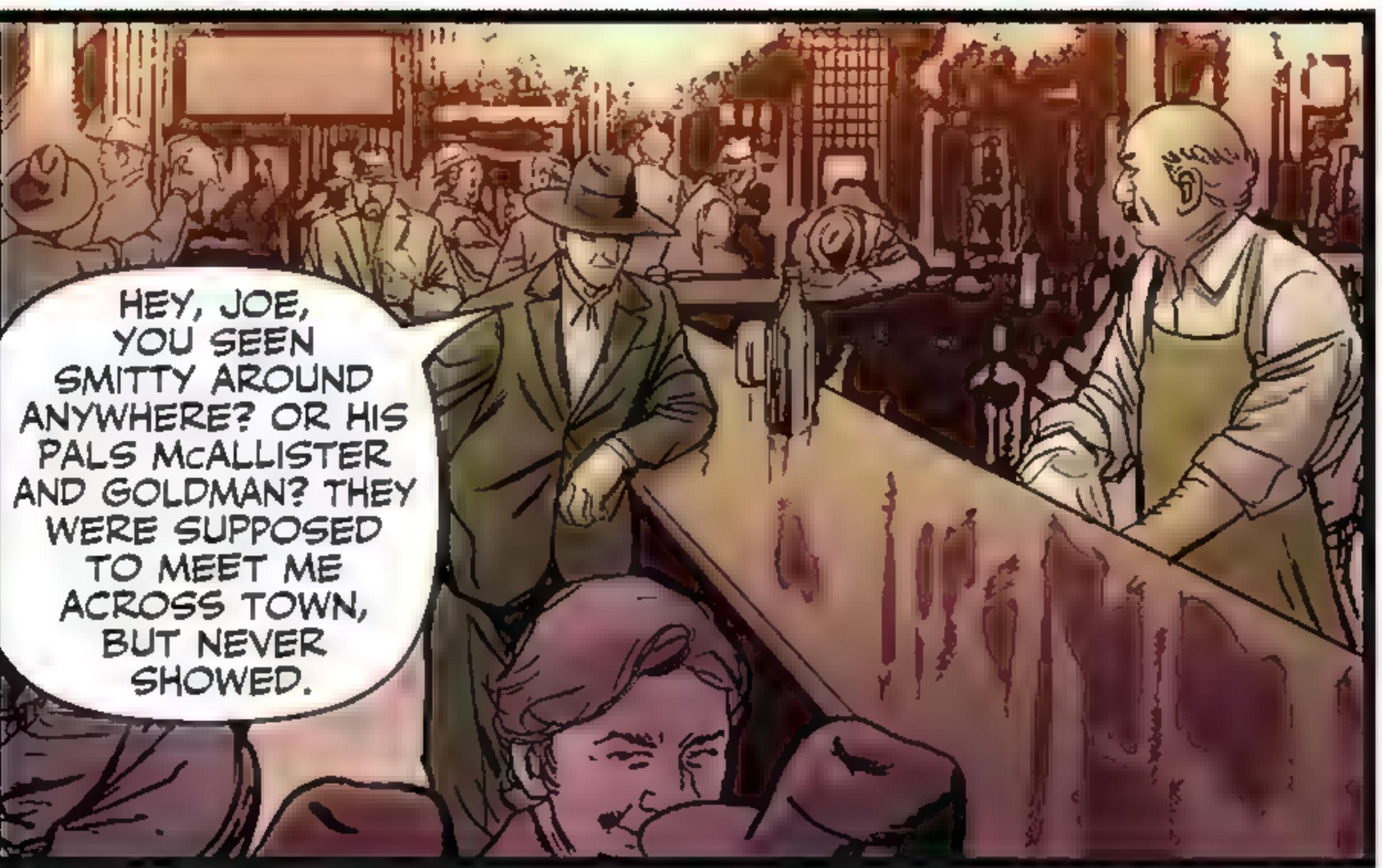
THE CITY SEEMS TO GET MORE CROWDED EVERY DAY. PEOPLE MOVING HERE WITH STARS IN THEIR EYES AND THEIR HEADS FULL OF DREAMS.

AND MORE THAN ENOUGH SUCKERS WITH FAT WALLETS TO KEEP A LIGHT-FINGERED GUY LIKE ME IN BUSINESS.

BUT I'M NOT ON THE JOB TONIGHT. I'VE GOT BIGGER THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT.

A LOT OF GUYS IN MY LINE OF WORK HAVE BEEN TURNING UP MISSING, OR DEAD, OR WORSE.

I'M STARTING TO FEEL LIKE WE'RE ALL WALKING AROUND WITH TARGETS ON OUR BACKS.

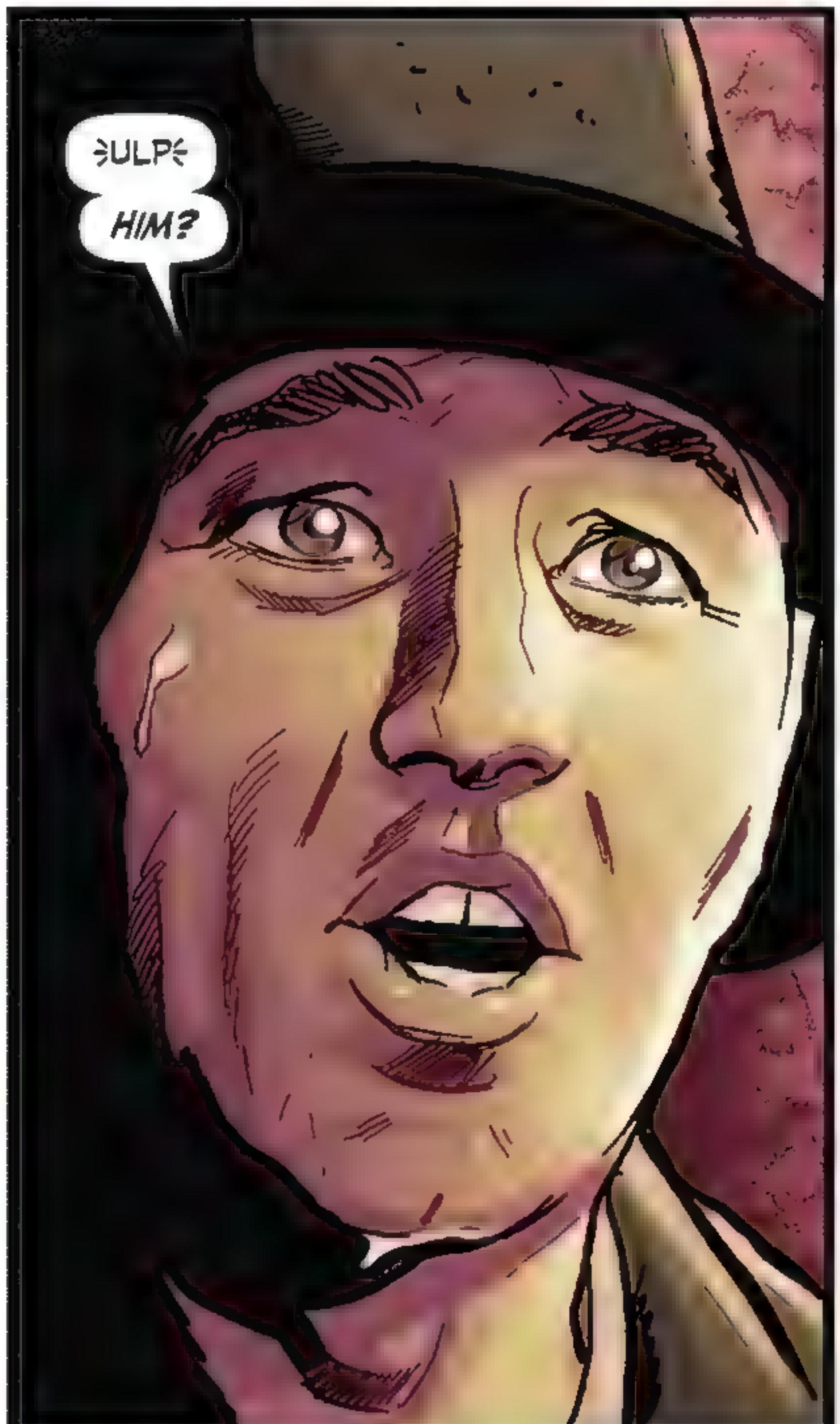


HEY, JOE,
YOU SEEN
SMITTY AROUND
ANYWHERE? OR HIS
PALS MCALLISTER
AND GOLDMAN? THEY
WERE SUPPOSED
TO MEET ME
ACROSS TOWN,
BUT NEVER
SHOWED.

WORD IS
THAT HE GOT
THEM.



SULP!
HIM?



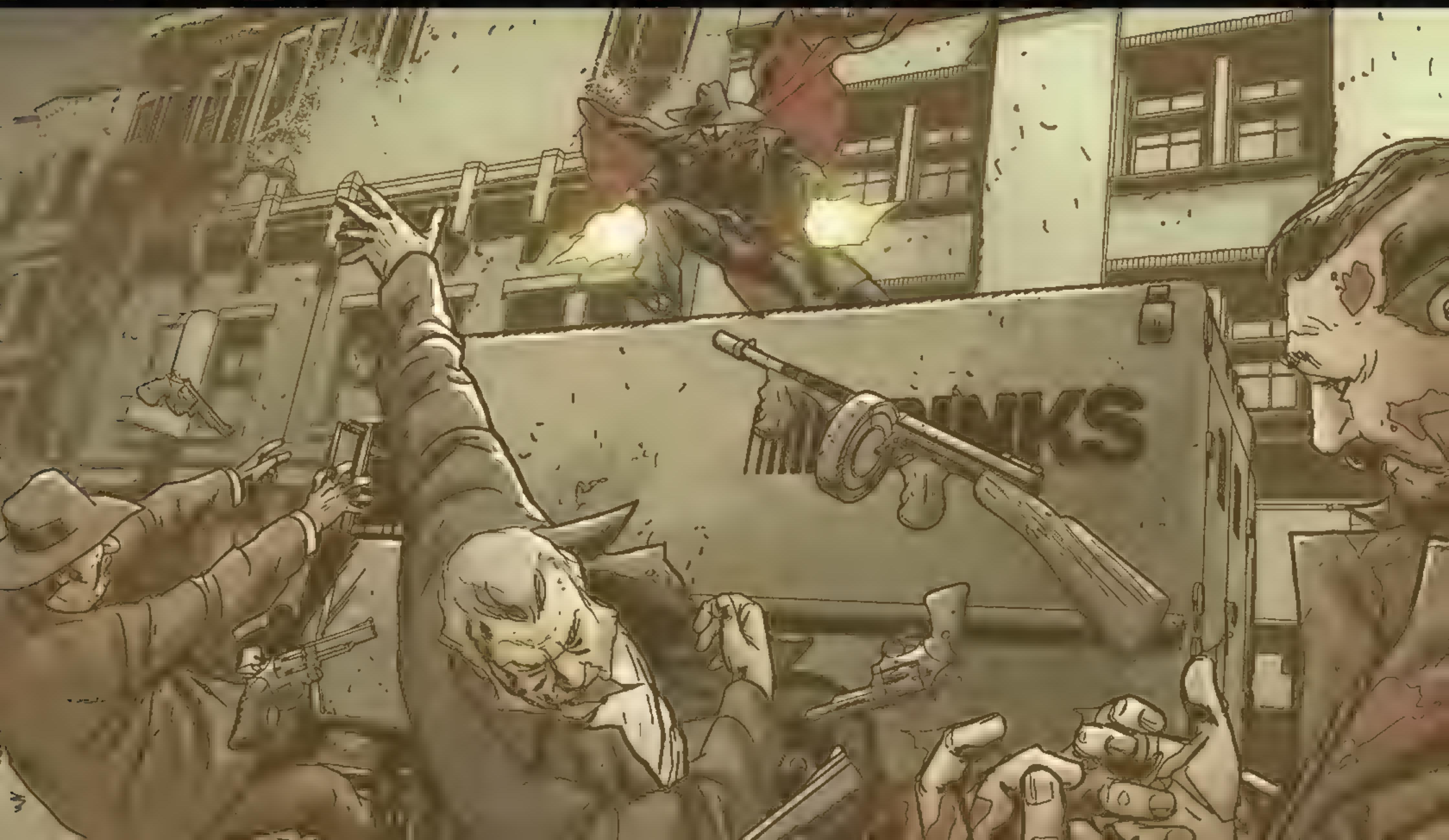
IT'S BEEN GETTING HARDER AND HARDER TO MAKE A DISHONEST LIVING SINCE HE CAME TO TOWN.

I JUST KNEW THAT THE JOB THAT SMITTY HAD LINED UP WAS TOO RISKY.



BUT THE WAY JOE TELLS IT, SMITTY AND THE BOYS NEVER EVEN MADE IT INTO THE JOINT.

SOMEHOW HE MUST HAVE GOTTEN WORD OF WHAT THEY HAD PLANNED, AND AS SOON AS THEY GOT OUT OF THE CAR...WELL...



BUT SMITTY AND HIS PALS AREN'T THE ONLY ONES. STARTING TO FEEL LIKE WE'RE BEING HUNTED.

COME ON, GERTIE. I NEED TO FIND TONY.

AND I'M TELLING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME, MAX, TONY AIN'T COMING BACK.

HE AND LOUIE WENT AHEAD WITH THAT STUPID HOSPITAL JOB AND HE WAS WAITING FOR 'EM.

I TOLD TONY THAT ROBBING A HOSPITAL WAS A STUPID IDEA. STILL, I FIGURED THE PLACE WOULD BE A PUSH OVER.

STILL, THE ONLY REASON I DIDN'T TAG ALONG WAS THAT I THOUGHT IT HAD TO BE BAD LUCK.

BUT IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN EASY. WALK IN, GRAB WHATEVER CASH THE PENGUINS HAD AND AS MANY DRUGS AS THEY COULD POCKET. PLAIN AND SIMPLE.

BUT IF HE WAS THERE...

THAT'S THE FLOPHOUSE WHERE THE ABRUZZO BROTHERS WERE PLANNING TO HOLE UP WHEN THEY KIDNAPPED THAT HEIRESS.

AND SPEAK OF THE DEVIL...

THERE, THERE, YOU'RE SAFE NOW.

I TOLD 'EM THAT I
WANTED NOTHING TO
DO WITH NABBING
SOME LITTLE GIRL.

SURE, HER FAMILY
WOULD PAY A FORTUNE
TO GET HER BACK, BUT
WHAT KIND OF LOWLIFE
WOULD DO SOMETHING
LIKE THAT TO A KID?

SCARED OUT OF HER MIND, NOT SURE IF SHE'LL EVER SEE HER PARENTS AGAIN. THAT KIND OF THING COULD SCAR SOMEBODY FOR LIFE. AND THAT'S ASSUMING NOTHING GOES WRONG.

COURSE, SEEMS LIKE SOMETHING DID GO WRONG, FOR THE ABRUZZO BROTHERS AT LEAST.

THERE'S NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT.
HE IS AFTER US. TAKING OUT
EVERYONE, ONE BY ONE.

AND IT'S LIKE HE'S
DOGGING MY HEELS,
PICKING OFF EVERY
LOWLIFE I KNOW.

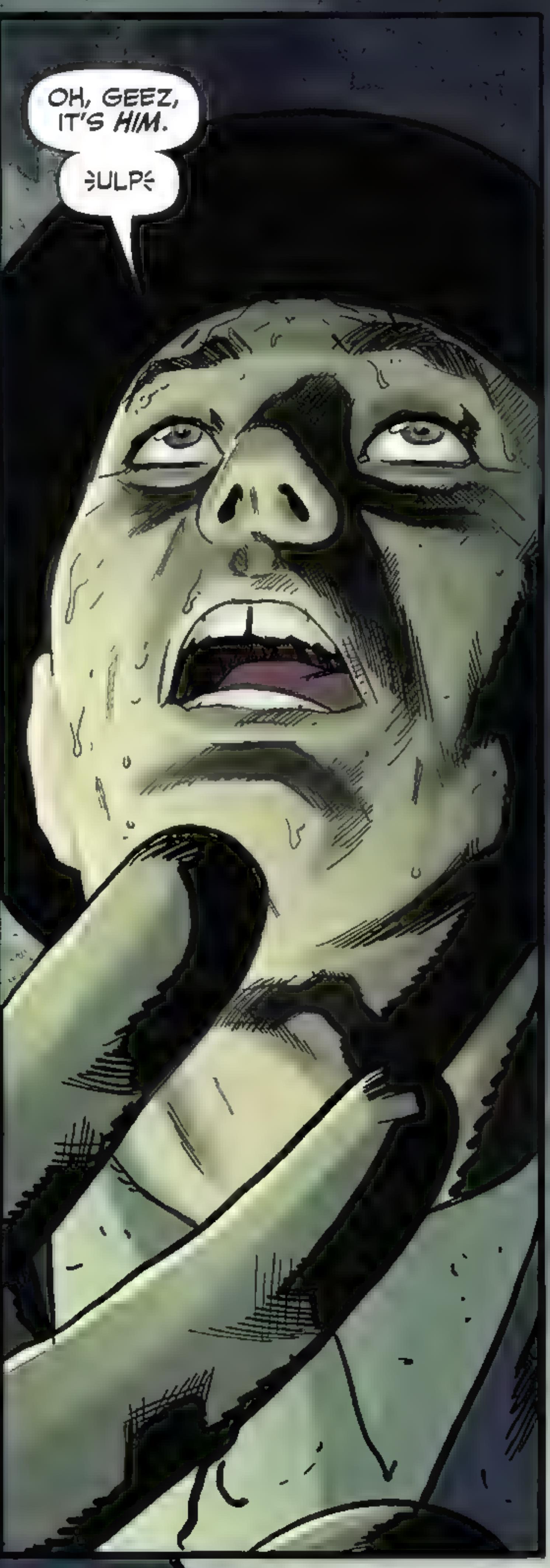
IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE
HE CATCHES UP, SO I'M GETTING OUT
OF TOWN WHILE I STILL CAN.

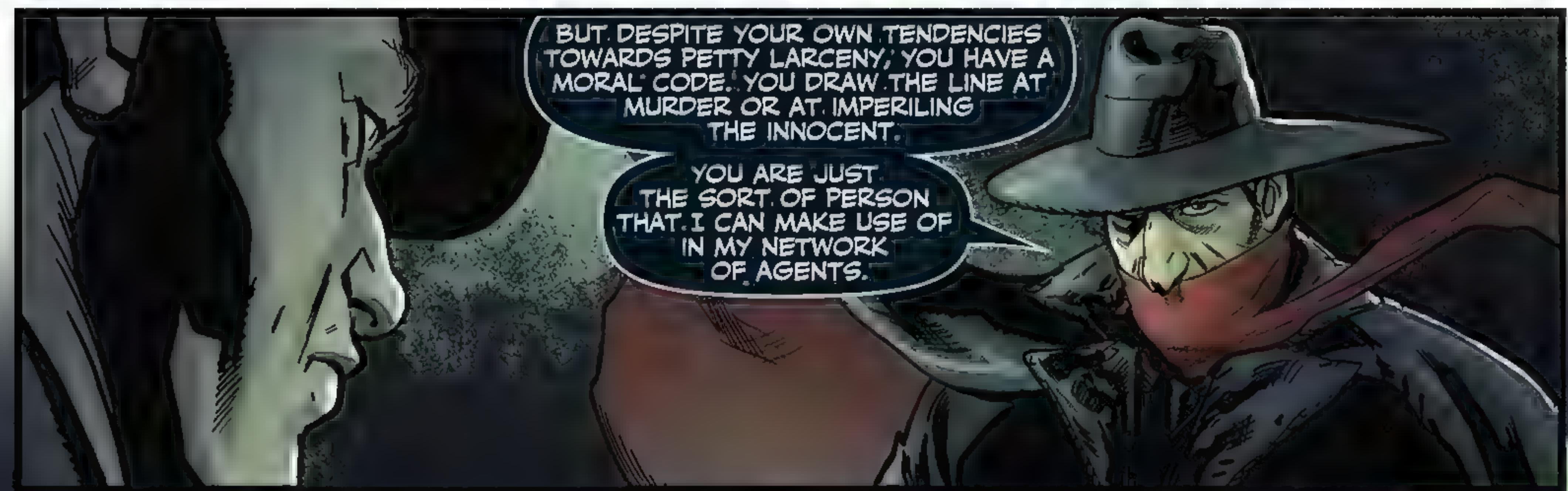
HITCH A RIDE ON A BANANA BOAT
DOWN TO THE FLORIDA KEYS, MAYBE.
I'VE GOT A COUSIN DOWN THERE,
SAYS THE LIVING IS EASY. IF YOU
DON'T MIND THE HEAT.

BUT I FIGURE HEAT BEATS A
TARGET ON MY BACK, RIGHT?
AT LEAST I'D STILL BE AROUND
TO ENJOY THE HEAT.

MAXIMILIAN
WRIGHT.

WHO--?





A SHADOW MYSTERY

The CURSE OF
**BLACKBEARD'S
SKULL** ♦

by
Matt Wagner



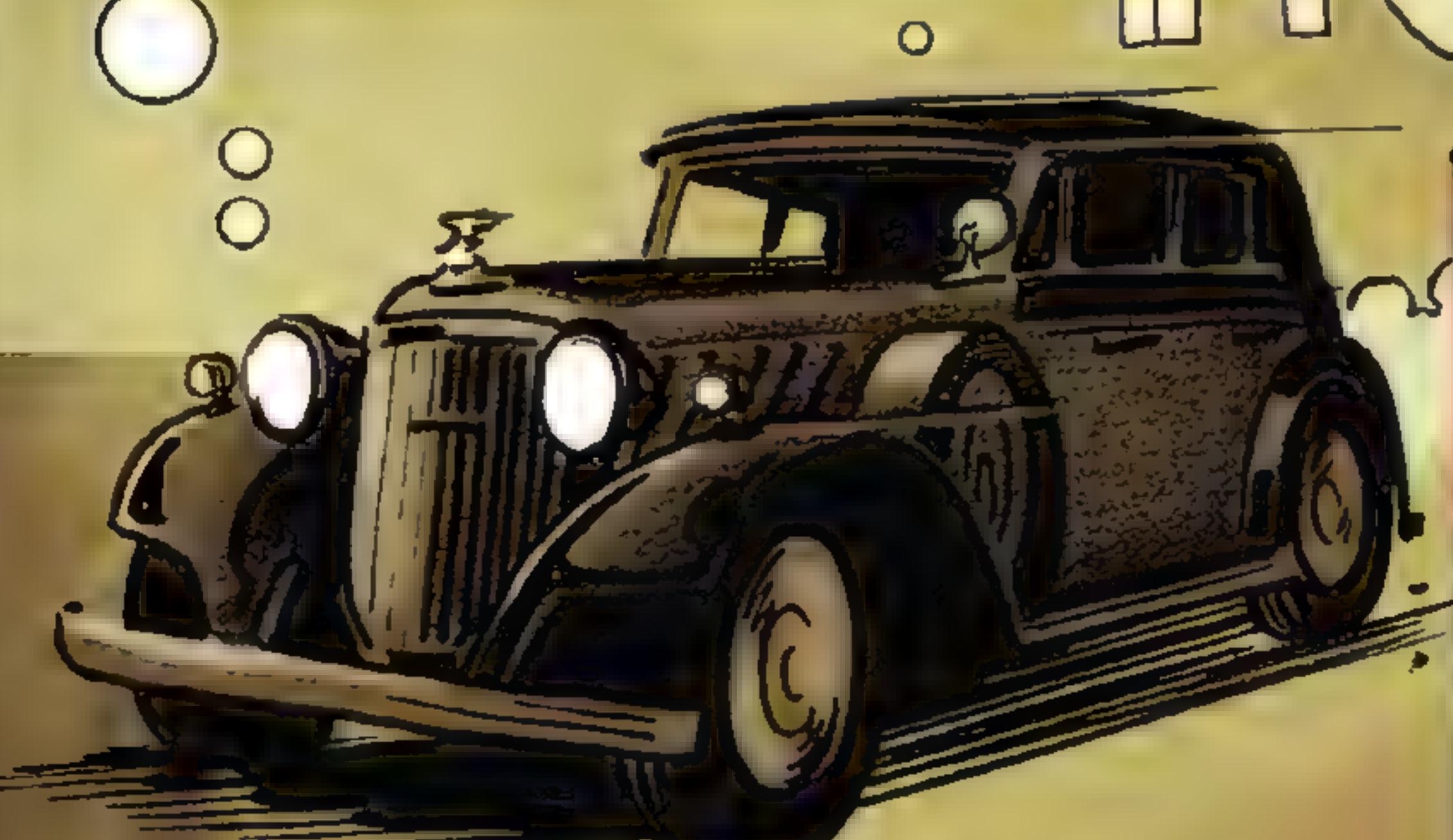
In November of 1718, under orders from the Governor of Virginia, Lieutenant Robert Maynard led a naval mission that successfully trapped and killed the notorious pirate Edward Teach, infamously known as "Blackbeard". Following the deadly battle, Maynard mounted Teach's head on the bowsprit of his frigate, as a warning to other buccaneers. Some months later, the head mysteriously vanished leading to rumors that it was stolen by surviving members of the pirate's still-loyal crew who then boiled the skull free of all flesh and coated the gruesome relic in molten silver. Over the years, the skull passed through many hands and eventually became an icon to several fraternal organizations who incorporated it into their covert and arcane rituals. Due to its grisly origins, a legend arose that those who retained the skull for too long would fall victim to its original owner's deadly fate.



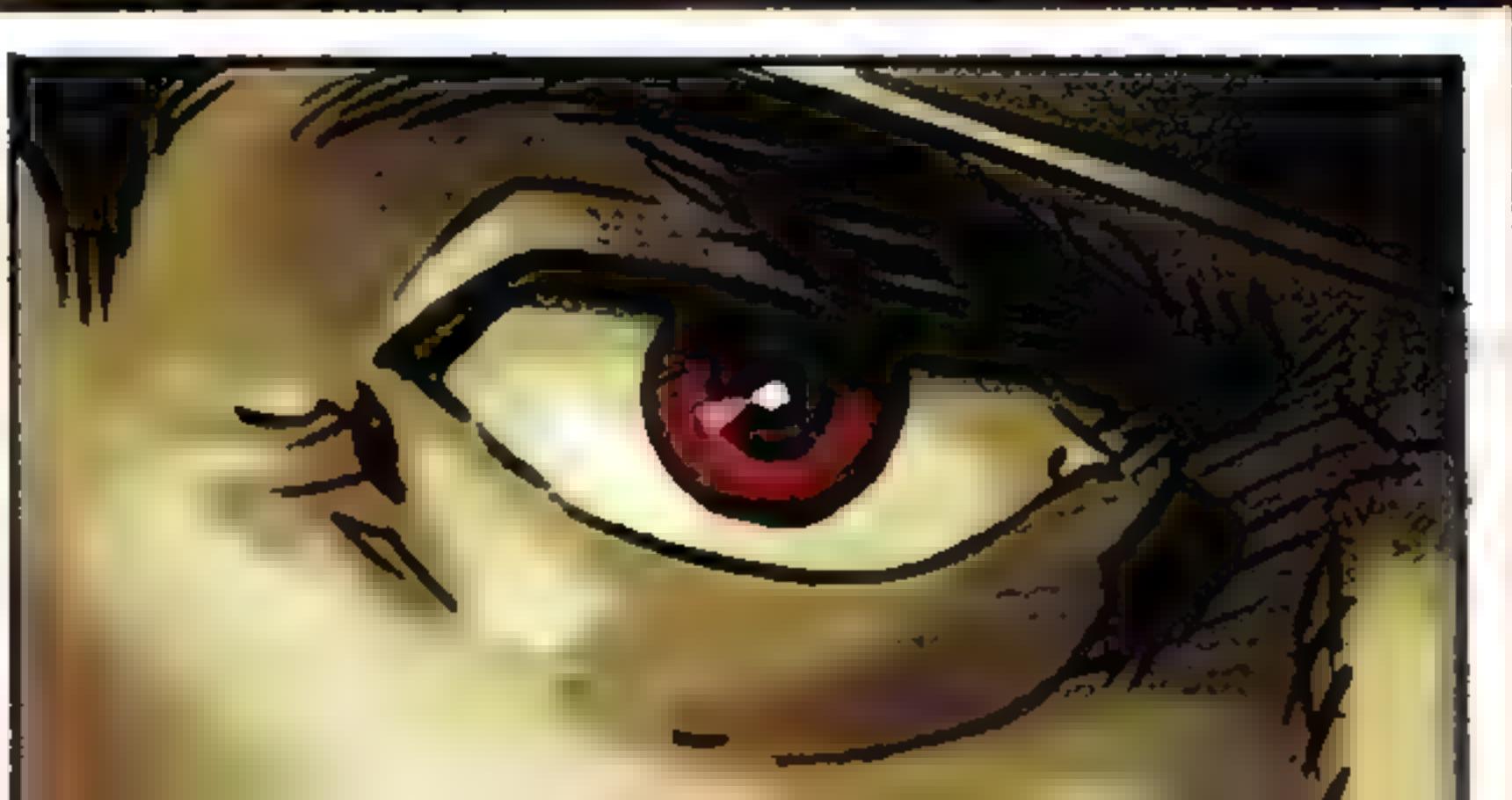


The trophy was eventually acquired by a secret society at Princeton University, a group of five friends who dubbed themselves "The Jolly Rogers". They ceremonially drank from the hollowed out vessel and swore allegiance to their own hedonism on its silver-crusted pate. In a seeming defiance to the skull's supposed jinx, all five went on to become eminently successful following their mutual graduations. And yet they still retained ownership of the argent skull as a way to commemorate and lionize their fraternal bonds.

The surliest and most industrious of this crew was Fenton Sykes, who followed a mediocre degree in Applied Sciences to build a thriving empire in commercial steel. In their college days he had always been the first to pass out from heavy drinking and the first to again crack open another bottle on the following morning.



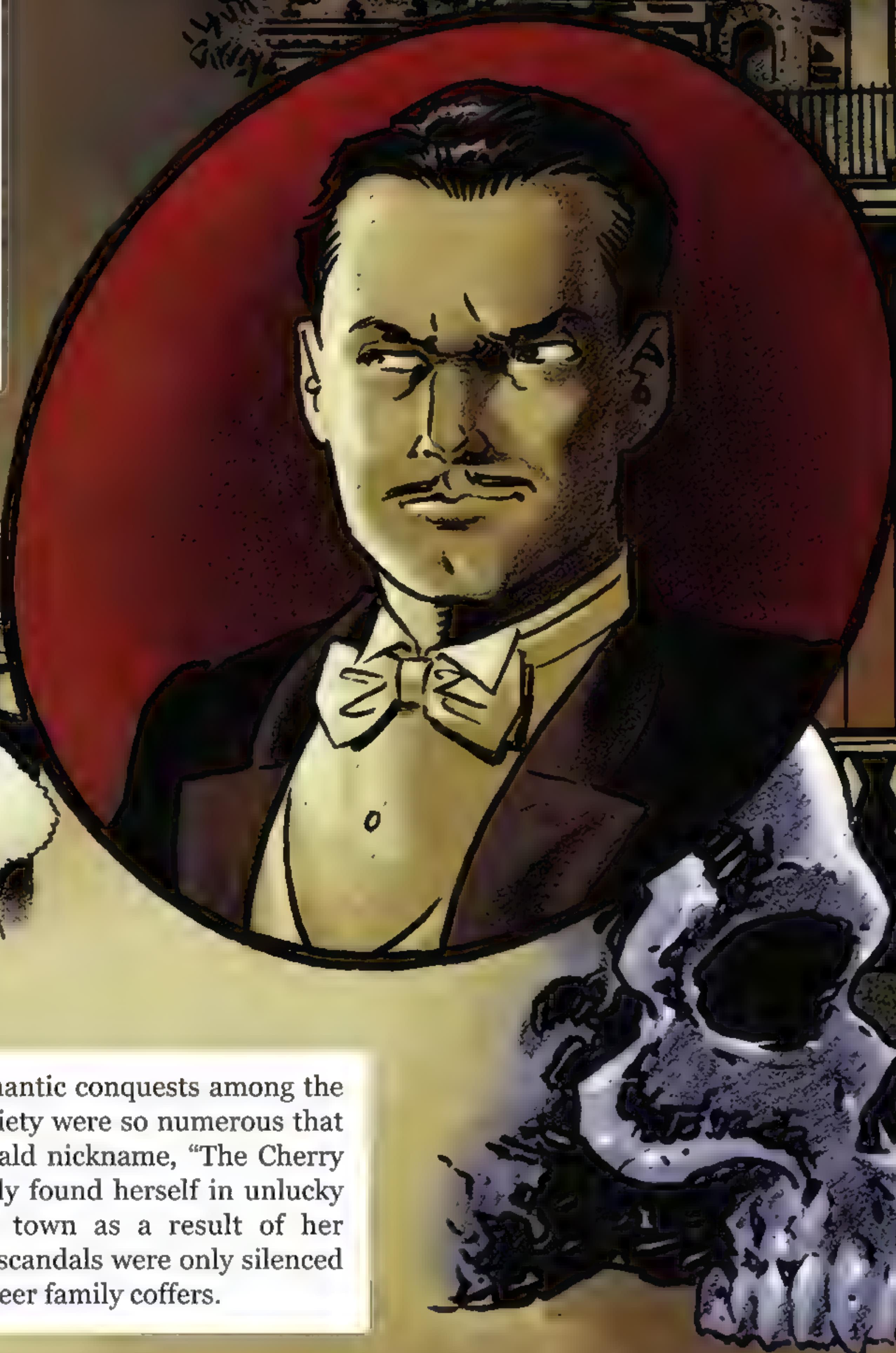
Given his penchant for the sauce no one was particularly surprised when he careened his Cabriolet off the edge of a steep embankment.





The wealthiest, by far, was Rueben Engels Vanderveer whose ancestors were some of the first to settle on Manhattan. The family developed a vast fortune through their generous real estate holdings and from a robust industry producing and selling gunpowder to the Union army during the Civil War. As a result, Robert spent his entire youth among the top-hat and tails crowd, a child of absolute privilege and nouveau-riche pedigree. His father always referred to their huge Park Avenue mansion as a "decidedly modest accommodation".

Dashing in appearance, Rueben had a weakness for the opposite sex.



While still in school, Rueben's romantic conquests among the local flowers of Princeton high society were so numerous that he was soon christened with a ribald nickname, "The Cherry Picker". More than one young lady found herself in unlucky circumstances and had to leave town as a result of her compromised virtue, the resulting scandals were only silenced by the vast resources of the Vandevere family coffers.





The most amiable of the bunch was Dickie Morgenson, the scion of a prominent banking family who followed his clan's traditions and became a Wall Street powerhouse. Despite his affable persona, he gained an iron reputation and managed to survive the Crash of '29 with minimal losses. It thus came as some surprise when he hanged himself...a scant two months following Fenton's deadly accident.

"Most intriguing, Margo...it seems as if someone is killing off my former fraternity brothers."

"Are you quite certain?"

"I find there are few coincidences ...where murder is involved."

Despite having married the daughter of another well-heeled family, Rueben Vanderveer continued his lothario behavior.



His latest mistress was a hot-blooded torch singer who, as time progressed, didn't take kindly to the idea of being his affair-on-the-side. She began threatening to phone his wife and expose their liaison, which led Rueben to extreme lengths in trying to placate her petulance. He showered her with jewelry, mink coats and other luxuries to no avail.



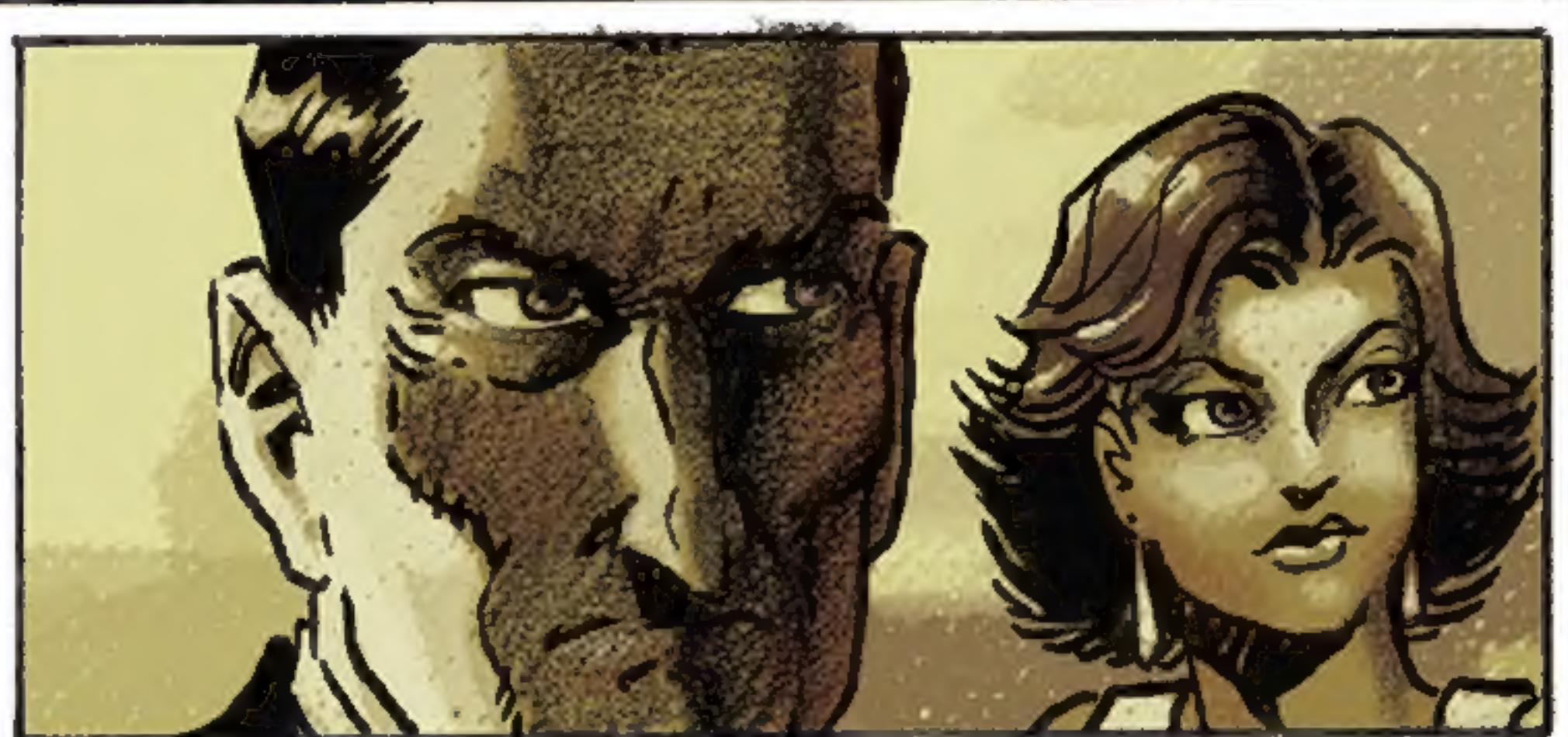
Their battle of wills finally culminated in a drunken row one night at the hotel suite he retained for her roost. Neighbors reported shouting, broken glass and gun shots just after midnight.





Three of the Jolly Rogers had now met untimely ends in less than ten weeks.

Only two remained.



The laziest member of their sect was Lamont Cranston, who seemed content to idle his days in the knowledge that he would some day inherit a fortune from his elderly and ailing father, a rail and shipping magnate. Indeed that proved to be the case and "Monty" spent much of his time traipsing around the world on big game hunts or playing the droll man-about-town in the company of his "friend and companion", Margo Lane. He intrigued almost no one.

The most covetous was Andrew Benning, an investment lawyer of modest origin.



"Andrew Benning! You have carved a trail of death among your former friends and colleagues! You must answer for your crimes!"

"Dear god!
W-who are you?!"

"I am the weapon
of judgment
and vengeance.
I am...
THE SHADOW!"



"It was *you* who tampered with the brakes on Fenton Sykes' car!"

"It was *you* who falsified stock swindles in Dickie Morgenson's name!"

"NO!"

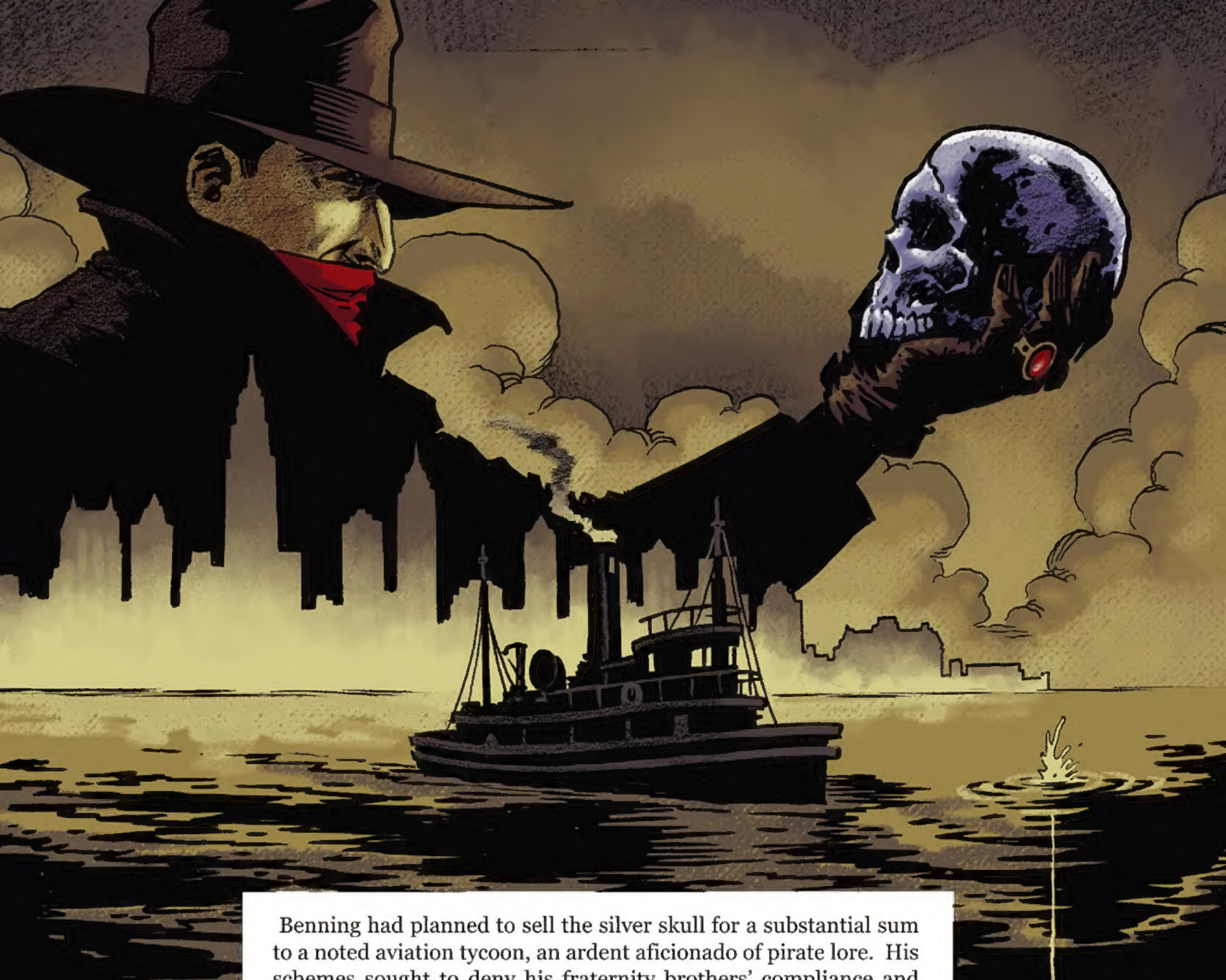
"And it was *you* who sent champagne to Rueben Vanderveer, laced with cocaine and heroin!"

"You have *no proof!* None of this will stand up in a court of law—**AGGH!**"



"I serve...only justice!"





Benning had planned to sell the silver skull for a substantial sum to a noted aviation tycoon, an ardent aficionado of pirate lore. His schemes sought to deny his fraternity brothers' compliance and defraud their equal compensation...by any means necessary.

When any object becomes so prized that it inspires larceny, treachery and homicide, it must indeed be considered cursed.

The Shadow knows!



END